HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE-SNATCHING.

JACKSON *to* JEFFERSON. "Thomas, I really begin to fear that we are not safe here."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders immediately. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published May 20, contains two complete stories,

"A LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING,"

by AGNES CARR, *illustrated, and* "WHERE THEY WENT, AND HOW THEY GOT THERE," *by* WHYTE MCKAY, *in addition to the third chapter of the serial "Left Behind."*

MISS SARAH COOPER *contributes one of her entertaining articles on the curiosities of animal life, her subject this time being "Spiders"; and the* REV. A. W. PIERCE *describes fully and clearly, with the aid of numerous drawings, how to make a Folding Canvas Canoe.*

Besides the illustrations to MISS COOPER'S *article and the stories, there is an excellent double-page picture, entitled "The Lion Comes," engraved after the painting by* FRANZ VERHAS, *and a very charming drawing entitled "Daffy-down Dilly," by* MRS. BEARD.

THE NEW VOTERS.

WHILE the issues upon which the Republican and Democratic parties have been long arrayed against each other have in great part ceased to be prominent, it must not be forgotten that a new generation of voters, which has grown to manhood since the war ended, will appear at the polls this year. Their votes will be very effective in determining the result, but they will not be affected by the considerations which will hold old Republicans and Democrats to their party allegiance. These new voters will regard chiefly principles and persons, and not associations or traditions; and it is these voters whom a shrewd Republican, who would support any party candidate, had in mind when he said to a friend who asked why the party should not nominate any man whom it chose, "Because it might choose to nominate a candidate whom it could not elect." It is the absence of any exclusive issue, and the presence of this body of new voters, which make it useless to confine the preliminary discussion to the mere party lines. In other words, the first and most significant party consideration in contemplating the nomination is the trite truth that party lines are exceedingly relaxed, and that the party name and tradition will be necessarily less powerful than in any election in which the Republican party has taken part.

In 1856 the Republican campaign was the expression of a great moral conviction. In 1860 it was the determined assertion of the policy of non-extension of slavery. In 1864 it was the pledge of unconditional prosecution of the war. In 1868 it was adhesion to the Congressional scheme of reconstruction. In 1872 it was opposition to an unnatural alliance. In 1876 it was a demand for reform. In 1880 it was a protest against a third term and a cabal of bosses. Obviously in the last two elections the mere party impulse was much weakened, and this year it will be weaker than ever before. There is, nevertheless, a disposition in some quarters to draw the party line very closely but arbitrarily. Thus we observe that certain papers which have been accustomed strenuously to support the Republican policy and candidates are described by other papers of the same kind as unsound upon certain cardinal points of party policy, and we have seen one invitation to all Republicans who disapprove a redundant revenue and who favor a reasonable revenue reform to betake themselves bag and baggage to the Democratic party. Suppose they did so. Suppose that in the State of New York alone the Republicans who hold such views, and who, disposed earnestly to support the Republican party, ask for a candidate worthy of the party, should pass over to the Democratic side, would the chances of Republican victory be increased?

The attempt to make a question upon which the parties are not directly opposed the paramount question in a national election is futile. We have often asked, and we ask again, if the Democrats declare for incidental protection and the Republicans for favoring American industry, how is the question of encouragement to American labor to be made the crucial issue of the election? The urgent attempt to represent it as such is a device which will not avail. It is the effort to concentrate attention upon a policy and to divert it from a candidate. In the midst of an actual emergency, or when parties divide upon a great and plain policy, if candidates are strongly identified with it or against it, personal considerations in regard to them are obscured and condoned. That, however, is not the present situation. Never since the Republican party was formed will personal considerations be more essential elements of the controversy. And this situation is not likely to be disturbed by the action of the Democratic Convention. If the MORRISON contest should be carried to that Convention, and pressed there with clear and definite success for either wing of the party, the party would have surrendered the election. Therefore such a contest will be compromised. The Democratic party will not disband at Chicago. It will not proclaim itself to be a free-trade party, but it will quietly whisper incidental protection. It will recur to its old and amusing cry of "Turn the rascals out," and the character and purpose of the Republican party will be tested more than ever by its candidate. The new voters and a great body of the old voters will vote or decline to vote, not according to the party professions, but according to the party action as shown in its nominations.

THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN CIRCULAR.

THE circular of the Independent Republican Committee in New York, issued after a long and ample correspondence with Independent Republicans in this State and elsewhere, is a very important document, because it can not fail to have great influence with all candid delegates to Chicago. The circular is temperate and respectful in tone, for it is an address of Republicans to Republicans. It states the truths which have not ceased to be true because they have become perfectly evident, that a nomination which would necessarily arouse factional fury within the party, or which would alarm voters of sound financial views, or which threatened a disturbing foreign policy, or which involved a personal defense, would be in the highest degree unwise, for it would probably assure defeat in New York.

No Republican can seriously deny these statements of the circular, and every intelligent Republican in New York knows that while it makes no threat and hurls no defiance, the circular speaks for a body of voters who will determine the election in this State, and who will not support a candidate who is objectionable for any of the reasons mentioned.

The question of the circular, therefore, is most pertinent—why burden the Republican party with an objectionable candidate? Why disregard considerations which are so familiar as to be commonplace, but only because of their evident truth? These considerations have been nowhere presented more forcibly and calmly than in this circular, and they will not be swept away by gusts of enthusiasm or by sneers at supernatural politics. It is because the old Stalwart machine had no other answer than such sneers to the arraignment of honest and progressive Republicanism that it has been tumbled into the mire. It is not the feeble cries and discredited tactics of the old machine that will secure a Republican victory this year.

MONACO IN WALL STREET.

THE painful disclosures in the failure of GRANT & WARD and the late panic have produced a natural feeling of insecurity which extends quite beyond the speculators and traders in Wall Street to the great community of staid people who have more or less money to invest. Such events as that failure and the state of things which it reveals are public disasters, because they shake faith in that personal honor upon which all business proceeds. It is that loss of confidence which produces panics. One aspect of the affair has been well improved by the *Tribune*, which points out that when the Boston Women's Bank failed it was generally said that it proved the incompetency of women for practical business, because no one but a woman would ever suppose that she could receive legitimately and steadily such enormous interest upon investments. But in the present case one member of a firm of young men who were known not to be rich, and whose capital was only $400,000, by mysterious allusions to contracts, and by paying out deposits as profits to the amount of sixty per cent. per annum, inveigled business men and "long heads" to advance hundreds of thousands of dollars, which were simply "bagged" by the agent of the swindle. Indeed, instead of pitying the women who are caught in such snares, it would seem to be more reasonable to despise the men.

There would be no sympathy and no serious results at such times if disaster could be confined to the actual gamblers. But the temptation is so irresistible to make ten dollars a hundred and a thousand that the poor and thoughtless are caught and ruined. It is Baden and Monaco under another name. At those resorts the fascinated man or woman, eager to make money swiftly, risks on the red or the black—takes a single turn in the wheel—throws the dice—turns the card—and is maddened either by success or failure. It is the same thing in an office like that of GRANT & WARD. One of the stories is that one man who ventured fifty thousand dollars found them swollen in a few days to two hundred and fifty thousand, and believing that the next turn would bring them to the half million, turned the whole in again—and lost all. Most of the victims know nothing of the details and the mysteries of Wall Street speculation. They are as ignorant and helpless as the other victims who risk their louis-d'ors at the German baths.

But, men and brethren, as Mr. GREELEY used to say in an emergency, how many such traps are still set in Wall Street? how many such victims are daily taking the direful risk? No words of warning and no laws will deter them from the fascinating game if such a revelation as that which has been made of recent stock gambling transactions does not alarm them. But it is an impeachment of legislative wisdom if no laws are found to punish those who set such traps, and whose swindles are a conspiracy against the common good faith which makes all business intercourse possible. The forlorn tramp who steals a loaf or a coat or a pair of shoes is pursued with every rigorous form of law, and the utmost disgrace and punishment are awarded to him. It is only fair that the thief in fine clothes who does infinitely more wrong should be made to suffer also. The most painful part of the first of the recent failures is the discovery that the name of General GRANT, who is thereby made a double victim of the frauds, was used to promote the knavery. The association of his name with the transaction is most unfortunate, but, as we said last week, it is a misfortune in which he has the sympathy of the country; and if, as is alleged, it involves his complete loss of property, the House, with the approval of the country, will certainly not hesitate to pass the bill introduced by Mr. EDMUNDS, which has already unanimously passed the Senate.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

A CORRESPONDENT in Alabama takes us to task for the tone of hostility which he finds in the allusions of the WEEKLY to Southern politics and society, and he especially designates our assertion that several Southern States, except for fraud and intimidation of the colored citizens, would be Republican in politics. Our correspondent says that Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina are the only States in which, according to the last census, there is an actual colored majority of the population, and he holds that, according to his own observation, it is unfair to say that all the colored citizens vote the Republican ticket, while the colored Democratic vote is steadily increasing, although there is intimidation of colored Democrats by colored Republicans. On the other hand, an original Union man in Arkansas asserts that throughout the war the colored people were in perfect concord with the Union men in their own States and with the Union soldiers, and that from 1862 the colored people were unshaken in the faith that the war would emancipate them, although the white Union men could not see it. Our Arkansas correspondent affirms that there can be no doubt of the Republicanism of Louisiana, with two thousand more colored than white people; of Mississippi, with sixty-two thousand more; and of South Carolina, with one hundred and twenty-six thousand more; and he thinks, although he makes no claim, that with the large Republican vote in Alabama and Florida, those States, with fair play, would also be Republican.

The reason of the case certainly seems to be with him, nor can any man who knows the facts and considers human nature doubt that the great body of the colored voters in the Southern States are Republican, and that Mississippi and South Carolina, in a free and fair election, would be certainly Republican. But this is not the point of our Alabama correspondent. He asks whether intelligent Republicans in the Northern States will not candidly consider the race problem in the Southern States, although he says plainly that "pretty much all the moral sense and integrity, the high and lofty purpose, and noble aim," of the Republican party are gone with its great leaders and fathers; and, indeed, in his sharp arraignment of the party, he forgets to state how the race problem is to be treated, except by the abandonment of the Republican party by its more honest and intelligent members.

This would hardly solve the problem properly, although we fully agree that the question is one of the utmost gravity and importance. Our correspondent, however, will not forget that in the Southern States, where the Democratic party holds undisputed control, it has made no effort whatever to solve the problem upon any other basis than that of the subordination of the colored people as a kind of Pariah class. If we are mistaken in this, and if there has been any sincere Democratic endeavor to deal with colored citizens as politically and civilly equal—as, for instance, all citizens of whatever national nativity are treated in the rest of the country—we shall willingly acknowledge our error. Our correspondent's own party is plainly unequal to the task, and while we concede that it is unpatriotic and ungenerous to slander any section of the country, we can not admit that the dominance of the Democratic party would bring us nearer to the result which our correspondent desires.

MR. EDMUNDS AND REFORM.

THOSE who inquire how MR. EDMUNDS has ever shown any interest in the reform of the civil service, if they push their inquiries far enough, will ascertain that in 1871, when the first so-called Civil Service Commission met at Washington, Mr. EDMUNDS was the only Senator who seemed to take a hearty and intelligent interest in the question, or who regarded it as other than a rather weak and foolish party dodge in view of the "Liberal" disaffection of that year. On the 14th of December, 1871, he introduced a bill embodying the reformed views, and which was substantially the bill first introduced by Mr. PENDLETON four years ago. This bill Mr. EDMUNDS advocated in an admirable speech, in which he said:

"An inquiry into the methods of excluding public patronage from being used in the operations of politics is a very proper subject of inquiry. I have endeavored ever since I have been in Congress to accomplish that thing. The very theory of civil service reform is invested in the fact that it is to withdraw from Executive or Congressional patronage — and the patronage is much more largely Congressional than it is Executive—the offices of the government. If there is anything in this country which the people have been taught to believe is of value, it is education, as the foundation of morality, the ally of religion, the hope and basis of progress. If this is a thing which is essential and valuable in the administration of affairs, there must be some way of bringing it into the public service. . . I should hope that, wherever there is public duty to be performed which does not require political administration, great political principle, or political policy, but only requires the fidelity of the citizen best known for his virtue and his education and his capacity to fill that trust, we might, as in the early days of the republic, select him without asking him whether he believes in this or that particular political policy."

On the 29th of December, 1877, he wrote a long letter in reply to a note from President HAYES, in which he surveys the whole subject, showing that the spoils system makes the office-holder the personal adherent of the Senator or Representative or politician who secures him his place, and naturally improperly affects the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government and their official action. Mr. EDMUNDS states, with characteristic decorous moderation, but with equally characteristic precision and vigor, the radical evils and abuses which the literature of the reform has since made familiar, and he says:

"I think these can be greatly mitigated by an entire cessation by Senators and Representatives of volunteer advice or solicitation respecting appointments, and by the establishment by law of definite regulations respecting selection for many offices and employments, and of the terms upon which they shall be held, so that the executive branch and the legislative bodies may be and feel perfectly free in their respective spheres, and so that the holders of office may feel that they are the servants of the law, and not the personal tenants at will in their places of either heads of departments or Congressmen."

Mr. EDMUNDS has always supported every reasonable movement for reform, and during the debate on the PENDLETON bill he was one of its most earnest friends and champions. He is also the author of the law prohibiting political assessments, which is substantially that of Senator HAWLEY, which was incorporated in the reform bill as it passed. There is, in fact, no member of Congress and no conspicuous public man in the country who has been longer or more steadfastly the friend of the reformed system than Senator EDMUNDS.

INDIAN EDUCATION.

THE Indian appropriation bill has passed the Senate after a warm debate. The whole amount thus appropriated for the Indian Department is $6,000,000, which is nearly a million more than last year. Of this amount the sum of $1,166,000 is designed for Indian education, which is about $400,000 more than the appropriation of last year.

Those who have not followed the movement for the care of the Indians, but who are generally interested in the subject, may be glad to know that the tone of the debate in the Senate showed an indisposition to change the present system of Indian education, and to know also that the best and most intelligent friends of the Indians—among whom Mr. HERBERT WELSH, of Philadelphia, must be mentioned with especial honor—have favored the action which has been now taken by the Senate.

Indeed, as Congress becomes aware of a vigilant public interest in the Indian question, and an intelligent scrutiny of Congressional action upon the subject, the Indian problem will rapidly approach a reasonable adjustment. The theory that Indians are treacherous and disgusting creatures, who must be put out of the way by any means, and as soon as possible, is unworthy of an intelligent people; and it would not be difficult to show that among the Indians we have ourselves produced most of the evils of which we complain.

CHARLES O'CONOR.

MR. O'CONOR was a very able lawyer and a very interesting character. He had especially the genius of the advocate in the thorough preparation of his cases, and the instinct of their successful management. We heard lately a characteristic anecdote of an incident in the FORREST case, in which Mr. O'CONOR was Mrs. FORREST's counsel. He had called Mr. FORREST to the witness-box, and after a few ordinary, perfunctory inquiries about his name, profession, etc., he suddenly asked a most incriminating and vitally important question, which threw Mr. FORREST into the utmost confusion, and he stood stammering and changing color for the few moments during which the astounded JOHN VAN BUREN was getting upon his legs to object. When the objection was made, Mr. O'CONOR said, significantly, "Certainly, if the answer will incriminate the witness, I withdraw the question." But the object was accomplished. The jury had seen the confusion and dismay. The impression was produced, "and in that moment," said the narrator, "the case was gained."

Most able in the law and dexterous at the bar, of great simplicity of character and charming in private life, in his views of public questions Mr. O'CONOR was utterly eccentric and unsound. During the prime of his life the vital public question in the country was slavery, and he held slavery to be the proper condition of people whose skins were not white. He was one of the worst of the "Union savers" when that phrase meant the lackeys of slavery. He practically argued in the LEMMON case that New York ought to recognize slavery; and in the Academy of Music, just before the war, he made a speech which it is strange and sad that any enlightened American could have made.

Like all the men of his time in this country who upheld slavery as a divine and wise system, he grotesquely called himself a Democrat. But he was incorruptible and without political ambition, and in the latter part of his life he rejected all party names, and held that parties threatened the existence of the government. His generous and kindly nature, and his refreshing intellectual independence and moral courage, made him latterly a delightful companion, and although long withdrawn from the activities of professional or public life, his reminiscences of other days, and his comments upon the men and movements of those days, were always striking and interesting.

A PARTING BLOW.

THE Republicans in the Assembly of New York who voted against the bill for reorganizing the Bureau of Elections in this city dealt a parting blow at Republican prospects in the election. The control of registering and counting the votes in this city is now committed by the Police Board to the chairman of the Republican Central Committee. Nothing could be more manifestly improper. The reform bill proposed to intrust the count to two commissioners, one of each party, to be appointed by the chief judges of the higher local courts. The present system is in itself so indefensible that it is useless to insist that the present management has been fair.

The present management makes "deals," and believes deals to be "practical" politics. By rejecting the reform bill thirty-nine Republicans have joined hands with twenty-four Democrats, who represent Tammany political morals and methods, and with the moral certainty that a bargain will be made in the autumn between the Tammany and the Republican machine politicians. In the present condition of the public mind there could be no more stupid proceeding, for everything which tends to identify Republicanism in New York with electoral corruption tends to elect a Democratic President.

Moreover, the credit which the Legislature had gained for the party by the passage of the other reform bills is largely lost by the defeat of this bill. The weak link measures the strength of the chain. The reasons for the passage of this measure were as strong as those which secured the success of the others, and the failure to pass it suggests only doubt as to the motives which were effective in the case of the others. We observe with amazement some of the Republican names recorded against this bill, and they will certainly be remembered by the constituencies.

PERSONAL.

THE directors of the Museum of Natural History are carrying out a plan which may make that institution a resort for students from all parts of the world. They have sent a competent man, Professor WARD, to the eastern shore of Africa for the purpose of buying specimens of the rarest animals of all kinds to be found on the Dark Continent, and of bringing them to the Museum, where they will be stuffed and placed on the shelves. They are also gathering an extraordinary collection of animals whose habitat is the United States only. This is the way to run a museum of natural history.

—Mr. H. C. BUNNER has struck many a sympathetic note in his volume of poems, *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere*, and by the width of a rich personal experience, and the fidelity of his pen thereto, has made a real contribution to literature. It is a feat to write such a book and to edit *Puck* simultaneously.

—A Russian peasant in the eighteenth century was punished for having said of his sovereign: "Since God sent him to be Czar we have had no happy days. The village is weighed down with furnishing rubles and half-rubles, horses and carts, and there is no rest for us peasants."

—Will Colonel MAPLESON be with us next year? Who can tell? Will PATTI be here, or GERSTER, or NILSSON? Who knows? But who believes that our next musical season will be as brilliant as the one just closed? And was there ever one so brilliant in any other city of the world?

—The Rev. NATHAN SITES, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has been a missionary in China for the past twenty-three years, is now in Washington, soliciting subscriptions for the benefit of the non-sectarian college at Foochow.

—MIDHAT Pasha, recently Grand Vizier, was a man of European education, whose acquaintance with Occidental customs led him to grant many civil rights to the Christians of the Turkish Empire; but history will probably never find out to what extent he was implicated in the assassination of his sovereign the Sultan ABDUL-AZIZ.

—Mr. A. S. HATCH's disaster in Wall Street will be a loss to the poor and the degraded. He had been a man of large charities, and a pillar of many benevolent institutions that will suffer in the absence of his generosity.

—Mr. BOUCICAULT disappointed his audience in his lecture on the art of acting. His views were mostly superficial. It was only another instance of the artistic incapacity for criticism. Where the creative instinct is most active, the critical faculty is least trustworthy. Not that Mr. BOUCICAULT's creative instinct was ever too active, however.

—THEODORE THOMAS has again made his influence felt in the two splendidly successful series of Wagnerian concerts. We should have had such concerts without him, because the stronger current of taste lies now in that direction, but we should not have had them so good and so soon.

—At present, says a British reviewer, England is simply begging Europe to come and help her out of the result of her own bad management, to take part of his many responsibilities off a steward so incapable that the estate under his care has become wholly bankrupt. This is the attitude into which celebrated men of business like Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. CHILDERS, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, experienced diplomatists like Lord GRANVILLE and Sir CHARLES DILKE, men of weight and sense and practice in affairs like Lord HARTINGTON and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, have brought England in this year of grace 1884.

—The meaningless desire of distinction which possesses uneducated people has brought the London suburbs to such a pass, complains a recent essayist, that song-birds are trapped, strangled, and carried to town to sell by a ne'er-do-well set of tradesmen—the bird-fanciers; and that even flowers are being exterminated—particularly primroses, to be worn by omnibus drivers on "Primrose Day."

—The vicar of SHAKESPEARE's birth-place, Stratford-on-Avon, is admonished by one of his countrymen that besides the relation in which he stands to his parish, he is also, in a peculiar sense, a trustee for the nation of which that parish is a part, and that accordingly he should be loath to alter the structure of a church building of great architectural merit, consecrated by memories dear to every Briton—and, we may add, to every descendant of Britons.

—In any game of foot-ball, shins, of course, will suffer (writes a veteran observer), and here and there a collar-bone will snap. Shins, no doubt, grow tenderer with advancing years, which is one reason, perhaps, why with advancing years the game should be put aside.

—The *Saturday Review*: "A thousand little artistic touches make BARNUM's Own and Only Greatest Show on Earth a pure joy and a well-spring of pleasure to the man of receptive mind and humorous capacity. The American appetite for humor is enormous, and Mr. BARNUM is part of what Mr. HOWELLS, speaking of Mark Twain, has happily called the 'great American joke.'"

—One member of the famous firm of HIRD, DAWSON, & HARDY, which founded the celebrated Low Moor Iron-Works, was a Unitarian minister. Of Mr. DAWSON it was said that he used to pay his colliers their wages on Sunday morning before service, "after which he would slip into his little chapel and read to his handful of hearers a few pages from a sermon-book that had been previously placed in readiness in the pulpit. He was a farmer as well as a colliery proprietor and minister of the Gospel. His hens were penned in the chapel grave-yard, and the fodder for his cattle was stored away in a part of the chapel itself. It was no wonder that a man who had so many engagements apart from his ministry should find his congregation gradually dwindling."

—Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD, author of "The Light of Asia," has translated an Arabic poem on the death of the Duke of Albany, the last stanza of which is addressed to Queen VICTORIA:

"With this thy grief all thy vast realm is grieving,
From rising unto setting of the sun.
Think not alone of Albion, Queen, believing
That kingdom only is the mourning one;
Mother, thine Eastern sons in this bereaving
Bring pity, love, and reverence to thy throne."

A son of Mr. ARNOLD is now visiting this country. He has been described by one of our celebrated wits as "the sunlight of Asia."

—Professor VIRCHOW, to the students of Edinburgh University: "I never was hostile to DARWIN. But whoever investigates the subject of development comes upon the question of the creation of life. Does life arise from a peculiar arrangement of inorganic atoms under certain conditions? This is possible; but the highest possibility is only a speculation, and in science it is not hypotheses that decide, but facts. . . In my judgment no skull hitherto discovered can be regarded as that of a predecessor of man. Still, from the earliest period the organization of man has been regarded, and can only be regarded, as an animal organization, and therefore from a zoological point of view the body of a man must be regarded as belonging to the animal kingdom."

—The Dean of St. Paul's, in the "Men of Letters" series, observes that BACON's first teaching about nature was that she must be won by observation of her tendencies and demands; that the same disposition to yield reveals itself in his dealings with men—they too must be won by yielding to them, by spying into the drift of their humor, and by subtly and pliantly falling in with it. But nature and man are different powers and under different laws, and BACON lacked in dealing with men that sincerity on which he insisted so strongly in his dealings with nature and with knowledge, and the ruin of a great life was the consequence.

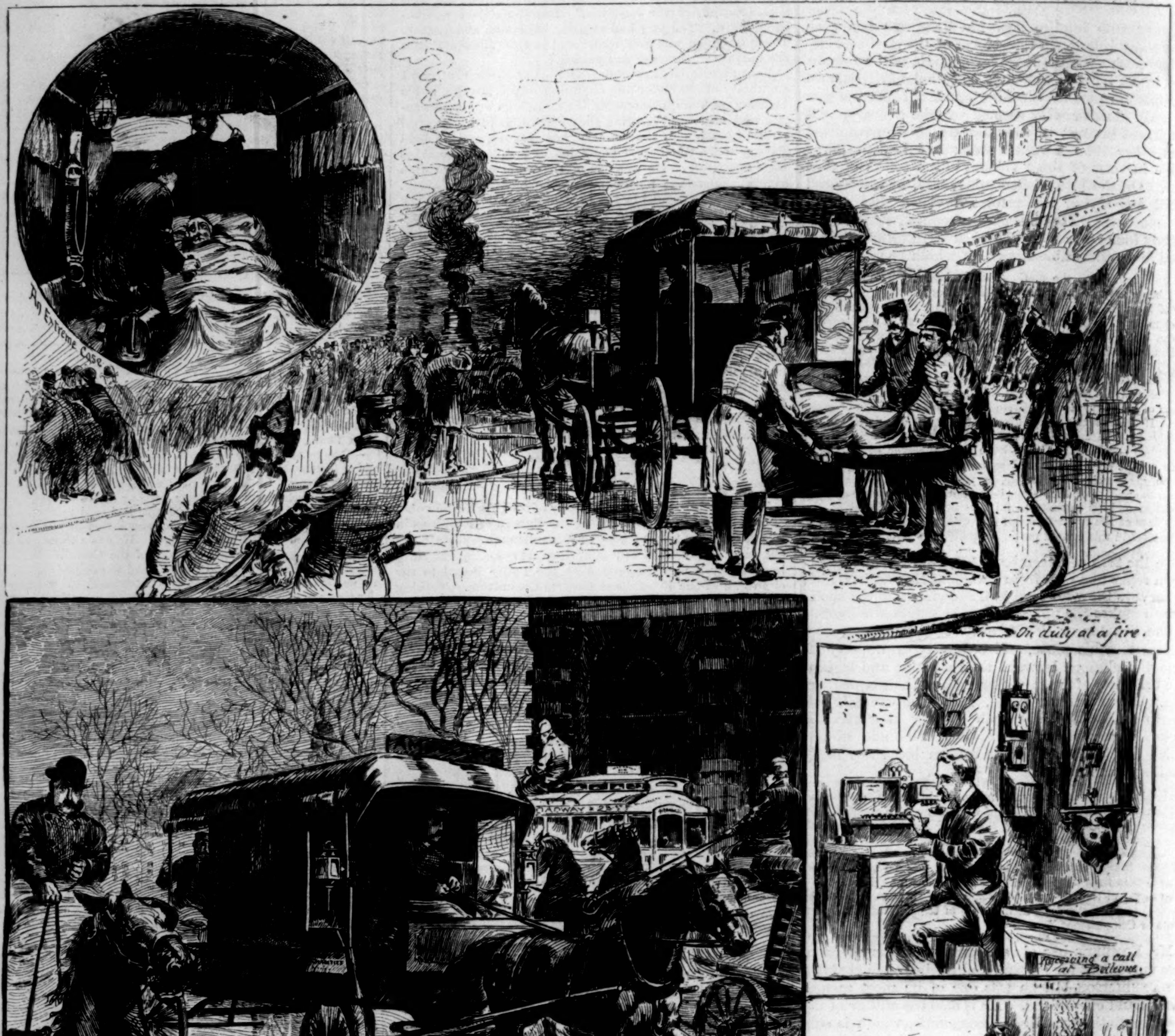
—MAX MÜLLER, on Buddhist charity: "To give not only alms out of our abundance, but all that is dearest to us in the world—life, wife, children—and thus to save the world from ignorance, sin, and transmigration, this is Buddhist charity. BUDDHA says, 'As a mother, at the risk of her own life, protects her child, so let love prevail.' He turned to the rich and said: 'Give; give all that is wanted. Give, because nothing belongs to you; give, because life is a shadow; give to all, because what you leave to your own children only may become a curse rather than a blessing.' We wonder what room there can be for charity in so bountiful a land as India, where even now a man lives on twenty-five cents a week, a woman on even less, and a married couple on twenty-five dollars a year."

—Mr. HENRY BERGH expresses his desire to be amused in the midst of the cares of a laborious existence and the keenness of his sympathies, which make him miserable after he has attended a funeral or visited a sick-room. He seeks the theatre, he says, when he thinks that it will give him a good laugh. In this respect he resembles the late Mr. GEORGE HENRY LEWES, who once wrote: "There are men who can sit in a café, or smoke and dawdle away the post-prandial hours, and be content. I am less easily contented, and whenever I am away from my own hearth-rug the shades of evening bring with them a restless desire for music or dramatic entertainment."

—A picturesque sight was seen in the streets of Richmond, Virginia, a few weeks ago. In a large chariot, gilded like one of BARNUM's, and provided with a brass band, sat a handsome woman of gypsy appearance, dressed in a Spanish costume. Her husband (or some other man) was selling a patent medicine in the back part of the chariot, while she, on the front seat, was extracting teeth for nothing. Her principal customers were negroes, and it was amusing to see the celerity with which she performed an operation, and the energy with which she shoved the patient aside, either to make room for another, or else to prevent her dress from being soiled by the ruby flow.

—Colonel INGERSOLL argues that the promulgation of his views does the State service, because the world's general goodness and the number of its infidels were never so large as at present. But the increase of civilization, which results mainly from the increase of knowledge and the increase of commerce, has at least something to do with the world's goodness.

—Shortly before his marriage to Miss HARE, Mr. FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE wrote to her: "I feel that I am to be a man of war, against all parties, that I may be a peace-maker between all men." If MAURICE made enemies by the expression of his opinions, adds one of his friends, no one ever exercised a deeper influence on those who knew him personally. His sympathy with his fellow-men, his passionate scorn of intolerance and wrong, his earnest faith, and his exalted spirit, which now and again burst through the natural nervousness of his disposition with a torrent of eloquent words, endeared him not merely to his private friends, but to all who were brought into close connection with him. TENNYSON, it will be remembered, spoke of MAURICE as "a man that is dear to God."



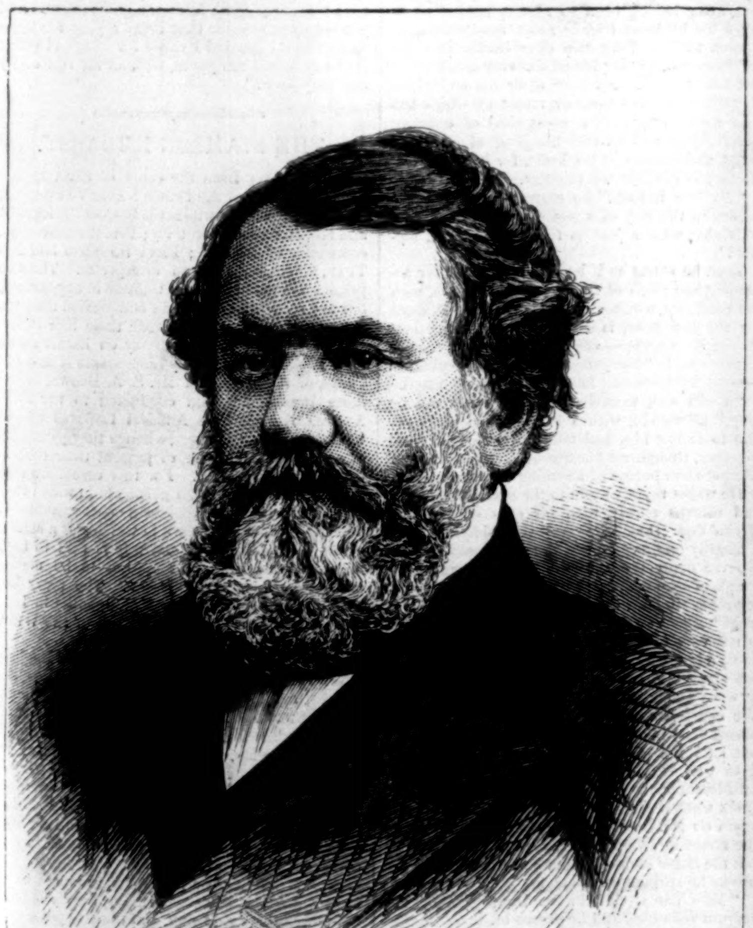
THE NEW YORK AMBULANCE SERVICE.—DRAWN BY E. MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 335.]

THE LATE CHARLES O'CONOR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORA.

THE SIAMESE AMBASSADOR, PRINCE KROM MUM NARÈS VARAREDDHI.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 330.]

CHARLES O'CONOR.

It was characteristic of CHARLES O'CONOR that in his last sickness, having become convinced that there was no hope of his regaining his health, he required of his physician to abstain from all efforts to prolong life, and to confine his treatment to the alleviation of suffering. And, at the age of eighty, neither the weight of years nor the sharp agonies of a painful and fatal malady bent the iron will or obscured the calm intelligence of this remarkable man. At the time of his death Mr. O'CONOR was undoubtedly, in the estimate of the profession, the greatest lawyer of the country, but he had retired from active labor seventeen years before, and to this generation his splendid reputation was almost as much a tradition as is that of RUFUS CHOATE, or, as a lawyer, DANIEL WEBSTER. This is not to say, however, that the reputation was not well founded. It is generally agreed that the elements of Mr. O'CONOR's superiority as a lawyer were his vast learning, his minute and tenacious memory, his subtle faculty of discrimination, the patient mastery of the details of his cases, his indomitable zeal, and, though last not least, his essential elevation of character. His conscientiousness, indeed, was one of his most constant and most marked traits. He was incapable of defending a cause he did not believe in, and quite unable to refuse to defend one in which he did believe. This was shown in the cases in which he was engaged which involved political issues. He was almost the only Northern lawyer of distinction who undertook to maintain the right of a slave-holder to the services of a fugitive slave, and was probably the only one who in so doing was able to maintain the moral and ethical as well as the constitutional and legal authority of the Fugitive Slave Law. In the LEMMON slave case he in effect supported the right of a slave-owner to carry his "property," and to preserve his control over it, into every State of the Union. No one who heard that case argued by him and by Mr. EVARTS can easily forget the contest of the intellectual giants. Mr. O'CONOR was keen, cold, logical, precise, profoundly earnest, but indifferent to rhetorical effect, and superbly bold in stripping his statement of the law and the facts of every moral consideration. Mr. EVARTS was as relentless in his logic and as luminous in his statements, but his address to the Appeals justices glowed throughout with the fire of a restrained but profound sentiment. It might have been justified in law had the decision been with Mr. O'CONOR, but the embodiment in the DRED SCOTT decision of the ideas he advanced in



THE LATE CYRUS H. McCORMICK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. ROCHER.—[SEE PAGE 338.]

STATUE OF CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—PHOTO. BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

the LEMMON case did more than any other one thing to precipitate the appeal from the Supreme Bench to the Arbiter still more supreme.

In politics Mr. O'CONOR was an extreme advocate of the extremest doctrine of States rights, and of the Southern corollary to States rights, the inherent unfitness of the negroes for freedom. To these doctrines he clung with marvellous tenacity, and with entire scorn of the consequences to his personal fortunes. He went down to offer his services to defend Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in the anticipated trial for treason, with entire confidence that he could not only convince a "jury of the vicinage" that his client was innocent, but with the belief that he could put a new construction on the Constitution, whose meaning had been established by war. And in his letter declining the Independent Democratic nomination for President in 1872 he advanced theories which had about as close relation to the then condition of affairs as an essay on the feudal law of suzerainty.

But it is not for what he was or was not in politics that Mr. O'CONOR will be remembered. It is for his great power as a lawyer, and for the stainless purity of his private life.

CHARLES O'CONOR was born in this city, January 22, 1804, and died at his residence in Nantucket on the 12th inst., after an illness of about three weeks.

A GHOST STORY.

"I AM going to be married, my dear. I can see the tears in your pretty eyes as you say to Harry, 'Poor Sibyl! she can never be as happy as we are.' Of course I can not. No woman can who does not marry her first love, while her past is without regret, and her future without shadow. But I am going to marry what is more rare than first love—perfection. Absolutely he has not a fault, and the wonder of wonders is that he should desire the society through life of one who is so full of faults as I am. He is clever, rich, amiable, good-looking, thirty-two, respected of all men, and (until within the past week) praised of all women. Can you wonder that dear mamma, who has been a little anxious about me this last year or so, is as happy as a queen, and that my acquaintances are all loud in their congratulations? But then, as they say, 'Sibyl Van Eyck has always been a lucky girl.' You and I, my Kate, might differ with them as to that, only it is not worth while recalling such a very old and commonplace mishap. Indeed, I am not without a realizing sense of my mercies myself, for that a young woman facing her thirtieth birthday so nearly as I do, and who has played fast and loose with such good cards as kindly Fate has hitherto thrust into her hands—that such a young woman should become Mrs. Brian Chester is truly a wonderful favor of Fortune. It is not the first time that you have seen his name in my letters, and I dare say that with your usual sagacity you have had suspicions of what might come to pass? Behold me at length on the eve of marriage, figuratively that is, for we are not to be married until June, and this is only January, but it seems very near to me.

"Shall I whisper something to you, my Kate, so low that not even Harry shall hear it? (I know you keep my secrets even from him.) I respect Brian Chester, I admire him, I am proud of his preference, and I feel safer and more at rest with him than I ever did in my life—yet, oh, Kate! Kate! it is not such a love as yours for Harry in the days of your love-making, nor like mine for—the knight who wooed and rode away. Is it because I am twenty-eight, and such a dreadful flirt, as people say, or because Mr. Chester's affection for me is so very cheerful and matter of fact? He is evidently incapable of jealousy, and evinces a beautiful faith in me, which my past has scarcely justified. I ought to be immensely flattered, but I am not, for that perfect love which casteth out fear is divine, and far above poor, passionate, doubting humanity. Do not, however, imagine me so foolish as not to know that I am more nearly happy than I have been for years, and that I shall be a very contented woman as Mrs. Brian Chester. Kiss your small Violet for me, and give my love to Harry. I can trust him, whatever his criticisms may be, not to say, as Bob Lisle did when Mary Vincy was married last month, 'Another old landmark gone!' Always your loving SIBYL."

With a faint smile at Mr. Lisle's very uncivil remark, Miss Van Eyck addresses her letter, and leaving her writing-table, seats herself in a low arm-chair near the fire.

"I will give it to him to post," she thinks, as she listlessly takes up the evening paper.

For a second or two she glances indifferently over it, and then she reads earnestly, while her face softens, her eyes fill, and two heavy tears fall on the paper as she drops it on her lap. Only a couple of verses, with no beauty or power beyond their truth, and yet they can send her thoughts back over eight years—such a long, long time out of one's youth!—and make her heart ache with pity for the difference between the woman of twenty-eight who is to marry Brian Chester and the girl of twenty who loved so foolishly and so tenderly that the ghost of a handsome, fond, false face can come between her and her future husband even now.

"He wraps me round with his riches,
He covers me up with his care,
And his love is the love of a manhood
Whose life is a living prayer.
I have plighted my woman's affections,
I have vowed my all in all,
And the flowers of daily contentment
Renew their lives ere they fall.

"But yet, like an instrument precious
That playeth an olden tune,
My heart, in the midst of its blessings,
Goes back to a day in June—
To a day when, beneath the branches,
I stood by a silent stream,
And saw in its bosom an image,
As one seeth a face in a dream."

Sibyl Van Eyck is a young woman usually very appreciative of the advantage of becoming surroundings, but just now she is quite unconscious that her fair head and slender figure in its pale blue trailing dress make a picture very pleasing to a man's eyes as she lies back in a crimson chair in the soft warm glow of the fire. Her thoughts have gone so far and so fast that she does not hear the door open and close, nor a man's quick step on the thick carpet. She has forgotten that she ought to be expecting Mr. Chester, until he seats himself beside her and takes calm possession of one of her hands. She comes back to the present then with such a start that he laughs.

"You look as if you had forgotten all about me;" and then gently kissing the hand he has taken, he lets it go, and leaning back in his chair, makes himself comfortable after the fashion, more easy than elegant, of our generation.

She colors like a school-girl, though she is "twenty-eight and such a dreadful flirt," and she puts the paper out of sight under the train of her dress.

"And if I had, sir?" she asks, lightly. "I dare say you forget me, often enough, for much more than five minutes?"

"Never," he says, rather shortly; and then, after an instant, "What were you crying for just now?"

"Do not you know that we women cry for anything, or nothing?"

"Not you; but do not tell me unless you wish to do so."

"I assure you I have no such intention," she says, gayly. "Does your lordship think that I shall make you my confessor?"

"Some day—yes," he answers, quietly, and looking not at her, but at the fire.

Very quickly she lifts her eyes to his face—a very frank and pleasant face, with a look that shows its owner well content with the world and himself, but just now a little graver than its wont, and she wonders, with a thrill of the same pity she had felt for herself, whether he too in the years which lie behind him has missed something of life's completeness.

"You and I are too old and worldly-wise for that," she says, rather sadly.

"Old?—you child?" his eyes meeting hers with a smile half amused, half tender. "I am aware that you have reached the awful age of twenty-eight, Miss Van Eyck, and that you have had enough experience of the world to make you wise, but, for all that, you are a child, and a child in some things you will remain as long as you live."

"Ah! you do not know how much nicer I was ten years ago," she says, laughing nervously.

"If I have the bad taste to be content with you as you are, I do not see that it is of any consequence," he says, again taking her hand. "Besides, I do not believe it."

"I wish," she begins, wistfully, while tears stand in her eyes—"I wish that we had known each other then, and that I had never—never—"

"Never fancied you cared for some one else," he breaks in abruptly. "Look here, dear—here in my eyes;" and he puts one arm about her, while he keeps her hand. "Tell me nothing yet; I am not a jealous man, nor afraid of ghosts, and it is not your past I want, but your present and your future."

When he is gone she stands before one of the long mirrors, smiling at herself rather defiantly.

"You have found your master, Miss Van Eyck," she is thinking: "a good master, a tender and true master, but just a little too sure of himself."

When Brian Chester enters his rooms, the first thing he does, after lighting the gas, is to find the evening paper, and glancing hastily over it, to read with sure instinct two verses in its columns.

"Very wordly-wise indeed, my poor little girl," he says to himself, as he lays it down with half a smile and half a sigh; "and a very shabby thing of me to hunt up the cause of your tears after refusing to hear it; but you are more mine now than you think, and you shall be altogether mine yet, in spite of the ghost."

But, for all that, his eyes have a troubled look not usual to them, and he smokes more cigars than are good for him before he goes to bed.

"If I were a jealous man (which, thank Heaven, I am not), I should endure some exceedingly uncomfortable hours," says Mr. Chester, smiling placidly, as he takes possession of Sibyl for a waltz, some six weeks later, at one of the last parties before Lent; "for upon my word these fellows seem to think that I have no right whatever to more than a stray dance."

"Being a philosopher (which, thank Heaven, you are), I suppose it makes no difference to you," she answers as they waltz off.

"I admire their good taste, and am thankful for what I can get at present; also I have some faint idea that Mrs. Chester will give up round dancing."

Sibyl pauses abruptly, and moves out of the circle of waltzers.

"Do not you mean to be a philosopher about—Mrs. Chester?" she asks, softly, looking up at him with radiant eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Do you think that I am always a philosopher now?"

Her color deepens, her eyes turn from his, and then, with a little cry, she puts her hand on his arm, growing suddenly white, and gazing fixedly at somebody behind him. He turns instinctively, and sees a tall, very handsome man staring at Sibyl with more fixity than politeness permits.

"Take me away—out of the room—somewhere," she murmurs.

Very much bewildered, he obeys, and presently finds a seat for her in a small, almost deserted room.

"You are tired," he says, tenderly. "Shall I get you a glass of wine?"

"No, no; stay with me. It is he," she says, looking up piteously in his face, which at those very enigmatical words grows rather pale.

"Who?—the ghost?" he asks, unsteadily.

"Mr. Devereux. I have not seen him since I—since I— Oh, what will you think of me?" she cries, with a sudden burning blush at the change and trouble in his face. "Indeed, it is only the surprise."

"Of course," he says, positively. "You will not mind, now that you know he is here, and when you are a little rested I shall steal somebody else's waltz instead of the one we have lost."

But in spite of his positiveness and her efforts at composure an uncomfortable silence falls upon them, which she breaks by proposing to return to the ball-room. In the doorway they are met by their hostess and Mr. Devereux himself.

"Sibyl dear," says the lady, hurriedly, "here is a gentleman who claims to be an old friend, but doubts whether your memory is so good as his."

"My memory is excellent," Sibyl answers, rather coldly, but with that utter self-possession which comes to most women in bitterest need. "I perfectly remember my acquaintance with Mr. Devereux."

"Then that is all right, and I shall carry you off, Mr. Chester."

"We will go together, dear Mrs. Burns," Sibyl says, with her hand still on Brian's arm. "Mr. Chester is going to take me to mamma."

"Will you not permit me?" says Mr. Devereux, speaking for the first time, and in a voice which falters perceptibly.

"Thanks, no; I will not trouble you."

"Then may I not have a waltz, or a square dance, for—for 'ould lang syne'?" The last words are very low and eager, but Mr. Chester hears them as distinctly as if they had been spoken in his ear.

"My card is full, thanks," is the steady answer, and then all four enter the ball-room, where Mrs. Burns takes Mr. Devereux in one direction, while Sibyl and Mr. Chester go in another to search for Mrs. Van Eyck, and within half an hour they are driving home.

It can not be denied, though Miss Van Eyck's lover is not a man given to jealousy, that the next week is the longest and most uncomfortable which he can remember. Business compels him to go to Boston so early on the morning after Mrs. Burns's party that he does not see Sibyl again, and in spite of her dignified repulsion of Mr. Devereux he can not forget her pale face and piteous eyes when she had first seen the "ghost." He is convinced that Devereux will do everything possible for a reconciliation, and he calls himself an insane idiot for having refused to hear the story of her first love, which Sibyl had seemed to wish to tell him, for his utter ignorance of the circumstances prevents him from being able to judge whether such a thing could come to pass. To add to his anxiety, during the four days that he is in Boston he does not receive even so much as a line from her, though she had promised, half laughingly, to write every day. The result of all of which is that, after having been so absent-minded as to cause his business friends much amazement, he returns to New York two days earlier than he had intended, leaving his affairs very much as he had found them. An hour after his arrival he is walking up the familiar street on which the Van Eycks live, with a great deal of outward cheerfulness, and an odd mingling of self-contempt and anxiety at his heart, for he will know his fate in another ten minutes.

"My fate indeed!" he mutters, with rather a failure in the way of a smile. "If I were anybody else, what a jealous fool I should call myself!"

Then he starts as if he had been shot, for ascending the steps of the Van Eycks' house, with the confident manner of one who does not come for the first time, is Mr. Devereux. Very still stands Mr. Chester—very still and very pale for a man who is "not jealous nor afraid of ghosts"—until Mr. Devereux has rung and is admitted.

"I will wait until he leaves; he will not be long," he thinks, with a strong momentary desire to follow him and confront him and Sibyl together, though all his life he has had the true Anglo-Saxon horror of anything like a scene.

He walks rapidly down to the end of the block, and returns slowly, with his eyes on the Van Eycks' door; but Devereux's visit bids fair to be a lengthy one, and he has time to repeat his manœuvre many times, to the great interest of a couple of school-girls, who, from an opposite drawing-room window, are speculating excitedly as to what "Miss Van Eyck's lover" can be about. It is not very fatiguing for a man to pace up and down a block for an hour, and yet, when that time has elapsed, Brian Chester's face has grown oddly worn and haggard-looking. God pity us all! We can most of us remember some such hour, whose sixty minutes held an eternity of suspense, but let those of us render thanksgiving all our days who feared in that hour only death, not faithlessness, for our heart's beloved. It is nearly six when the Van Eycks' door opens and closes again on Mr. Devereux, who walks quickly down the street in an opposite direction from Chester, but the latter scarcely glances at the receding figure as he springs up the steps.

"Miss Van Eyck is in the drawing-room," the servant tells him, and he passes in.

Outside it was nearly dark, and here it is quite so, except when the fire makes a blaze of light; but he sees her at once, crouched in the corner of a sofa by the chimney, and weeping—ah! weeping as even women given to tears weep only once or twice in their lives. At the sight of that drooping figure, and the sound of those strangled sobs, the strong heart of Brian Chester turns faint and sick, for he knows so well, with such wonderful, dreary conviction, just what she has done, and what he must do now. He casts one farewell look about the familiar room where he has been so happy, and then his eyes return to the woman he loves and suffers for, as only a man can to whom neither love nor jealousy comes easily.

"Sibyl!" he says, abruptly, in an odd, hoarse voice, which vaguely surprises him, it is so unlike his. "Don't cry so terribly; there is no need."

She springs to her feet and faces him in the fire-light with a low cry, and a look that changes instantly from surprise to pity and terror.

"Brian!" she says, tremulously, taking both his hands in hers, "Are you ill, dear?—or has something dreadful happened?" It is the first time she has ever uttered his name, the first time those shy fingers have ever sought his, but she does not think of that in fear of the calamity which can have so changed calm, cheerful, philosophical Brian Chester.

At the frightened compassion in her eyes, he glances suddenly in the mirror over the chimney, and stares at himself, with the dull wonder men feel when they are brought face to face with the change an hour's agony can work in them.

"I am a fool," he says, presently, with a miserable laugh, and dropping into the nearest chair, he draws his hands from hers and covers his face.

For an instant she is silent, and then the despair in every line of the bent figure gives her courage.

"Dear," she whispers, kneeling beside him, "surely I, who am to be your wife, may share your troubles, and—and comfort you?" and with a rush of tenderness that sweeps her old doubts and fears away forever, she tries to draw his head against her shoulder.

But he springs to his feet, with a flush on his haggard face. "For Heaven's sake do not make it harder for me to give you up!" he gasps.

"Give me up?" she repeats, rising too, and trembling very much.

"You never wrote me"—he begins, passionately.

"Because I would rather tell you than write," she interrupts, quickly.

But he goes on, bitterly: "I saw that man leave the house after he had been here an hour, and I find you breaking your heart for him. What have I done that you should think I would accept such a sacrifice? Do you think I want your life without your love?" He pauses, with a struggle for the self-command that seems to have so utterly deserted him, while she stands silent, with down-bent head and clasped hands. "I see it all," he says, presently, in a very low voice, whose forced steadiness it takes all his resolute will to maintain. "You have loved only him always, and you sent him away to-day that you might keep your faith to me, like the brave, true woman you are; but he will be easy to recall, so—so God bless you!"—and he turns rather blindly toward the door.

But she stands swiftly before him with outstretched hands and tearful, shining eyes.

"Oh, Brian, I am no heroine, only a foolish woman to whom God is very good. Mr. Devereux will never again be even a ghost to me. And you—do you wonder that I was crying for those years when I fancied I cared for him, and which ought to have been yours, with all the rest of my life—my love?"

THE SIAMESE EMBASSY.

THE embassy from the court of Siam to this country consists of the Prince NARÈS VARARIDDHI, brother of the King, who is the head of the legation and Minister Plenipotentiary; Prince SONAPENDIT, counsellor of legation; PHRA DAMRONG and NAI TUAN, attachés; with an interpreter. The two princes are not unlike the Chinese in appearance, but are somewhat darker in complexion than the genuine Mongolians, and wear their hair in European fashion. The embassy on its arrival in New York was received by Lieutenants MASON and POTTS, of the navy, and Mr. S. A. BROWN, of the State Department, and conducted to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Admiral RODGERS was in waiting to welcome them, whence they proceeded at once to Washington to present their credentials to the President. For this ceremony they exchanged the European garments in which they had landed for the magnificent court costumes of Siam, the principal feature in which was a mantle of cloth of gold. The embassy is said to have no diplomatic mission here, but to be merely one of courtesy and curiosity. The party has been making a sojourn of some months in London, and will return to the "Land of the White Elephant" by the same route.

Prince NARÈS understands only a little English, differing in this respect from some of his predecessors, royal and diplomatic. A late Siamese ambassador to Europe, PHRA BHAS KARAWONGSE, spoke English fluently, and used to display, with pardonable pride, a library of French and English books, among which was seen DARWIN'S *Origin of Species*, and the recent Kings have been remarkable for their attainments in languages. The present King succeeded to the throne in 1868, and the ambassador now visiting us is his third brother, and was born in 1855.

Siam is practically a monarchy, although nominally a duarchy, the second King hardly holding the powers of a vice-king, and the two potentates bear respectively the names of SOMDECH PHRA PARAMINDR MAHA and KROMA PHRARATCHA. The native name of the kingdom is Muang-Tai, "the land of the free"; and, as befits its name, slavery has been abolished.

THE SHIFTING VOTE.

I.

The result of the State elections in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Ohio in the fall of 1882 seemed the death-blow of the Republican party. With a plurality vote of 18,000 against it in Ohio, the election of a Democratic Governor in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and its overwhelming defeat in New York, where from a lead of over 20,000 in 1880 it had been routed by a tenfold majority in 1882, its opponents were able to assert, with every show of reason, that the backbone of the party had broken at last. To claim that it had left enough vitality not only to rally in fighting trim, but to take the field with actually a fair prospect of success in the next national campaign, seemed empty vaporing. And yet it is in firmer condition to-day, with a chance of success better far than when it started upon the Presidential contest four years ago. The assertion is no paradox that the very elements which brought upon it the bitter defeats of 1882 are its strength and power to-day. For the shifting vote, which by its independent and fearless action stamped with popular disapproval the abuses which had sprung up within the Republican ranks, and seemed to threaten the party with almost certain annihilation, is the vote to which that party owes its recovered position and its hope of victory in the approaching campaign.

From President Arthur's accession to the close of 1882 its progress was steadily downward. Defeat followed close upon defeat, until its leaders were ready to echo the words of one who had watched at its cradle and now felt that he was standing by its grave: "I am looking with sad eyes at the downfall of that great party which has lasted so long and done so well."

Closely allied with that faction which had bitterly opposed his predecessor, the new President took his seat under the most trying conditions. A natural consideration for the embarrassments of his position secured him a temporary lull of partisan criticism and factional abuse. But this short breathing space soon gave way to suspicion and distrust. Nor was this antagonism confined to that portion of his own party against which General Arthur had been so conspicuous and active a leader. The President had hardly begun the active duties of his position, and especially the invidious task of selecting appointees to office, when more than one of those with whom his name had been closely linked in factional politics were found among his most virulent assailants.

This afforded an excellent handle to the party's opponents, who were quick to seize upon and parade it as clear proof of a dry-rot within, and sure evidence of the inevitable disintegration that a fight over the spoils is certain to produce. Added to this were the undoubted evils which had sprung up within the party, and gained so strong a hold that they seemed to have tainted all its methods, from the election of a primary delegate to the nomination of a candidate for the Governorship or the Presidency. In the teeth of an outspoken public opposition, the Republican leaders tightened their hold upon the party machine, and with fatuous obstinacy went into the State campaigns of 1881 with a seeming determination not to lose their grip. In spite of an emphatic protest, which assumed the dimensions of a popular revolt, the minority wing in Pennsylvania forced its nominees upon the majority, and drove away 50,000 Republican voters, who registered that protest against the dictation of the Cameron machine by casting their ballots in favor of an Independent candidate for Treasurer. In New York the Conkling machine struggled desperately and died hard. Despite the personal and political scandals so notorious in connection with his canvass for re-election, ex-Senator Platt was made temporary chairman of the Republican Committee; but the defeat of his former colleague, who was actually refused in his own district an election as delegate to the State Convention, showed how the Independent vote had gained in strength. Although the time was not yet ripe for the demanded reorganization of the party in the city of New York, a resolution looking to that end was defeated by only five votes, and that, too, after the main business of the Convention had been decided, and many of the delegates who favored the measure had left for their homes.

In spite of the most desperate efforts to pack the Convention (in one county, for example, nineteen of the machine representatives bolted, and then contested at the Convention the seats of the delegates elected by the other forty-five), the reform element won by a majority of 108 in a total of 496. In Erie County the Republican machine, by thrusting distasteful nominees upon the majority, forced the Independents to a bolt, threw the mayoralty of Buffalo into the hands of the Democrats, and paved the way for Mr. Cleveland's elevation from that office to the Governor's chair. In Albany County the bitterness engendered by the Smyth trick of the "snap" primaries in 1880, when the machine carried its delegates by ordering elections at a two days' notice, had survived the excitement of a national campaign, and alienated a large and influential vote. And in Oneida and Oswego, as well as in the county of New York, the old element and the new had closed in a struggle for the mastery that promised an irreparable breach in the party, and exposed an unprotected front to the common foe. Besides local defeats too numerous to specify, these internal feuds caused in the State of New York alone a falling off of at least 10,000 from the majority of the preceding year, and gave unmistakable warning of the terrible defeat that was yet to come. With a recklessness that savored of insanity, the machine leaders sought to patch up their shattered instrument by the same old shifts, relying for success upon the very methods which had already brought the party into disrepute. Against stupidity, it is said, the gods themselves are powerless, and so it seemed when, in the face of the most ominous warnings, the campaign of 1882 was begun with the apparently fixed determination to push to its extreme the scandalous system of political assessments. John Cessna, the Pennsylvania machine chairman, addressed to the Federal clerks who were supposed to owe their places to Pennsylvania "influence" a demand for two per cent. of their salaries, in addition to the two per cent. already called for by the Hubbell circular of the National Committee, and threatened, in event of refusal, to hand in to the head of their department, at the end of the campaign, the names of those who failed to respond. To the chief of one of the most important Federal offices in the city of New York was sent a circular, purporting to issue upon the authority of "Henry A. Glidden, Secretary," containing the names of delinquent office-holders, with the amounts "due" carefully noted, and a request that he should "give the matter his immediate attention"—in other words, threaten dismissal in event of default. At the same time a New York police justice notified the Post-office clerks that their attendance would be required on a specified day at the Custom-house, when the tax which had been levied was to be paid. When remonstrated with by the Civil Service Reform Association, Mr. Jay Hubbell, assuming to speak for the Republican National Committee, replied in a brazen letter, declaring that any one who interfered with the collection of political assessments became "a most efficient ally of the Southern bulldozer . . . and there," he impudently added, "I leave you."

The nomination of Judge Folger—a man held in the highest esteem throughout the State—was secured by methods unmistakably tainted with acknowledged fraud, and in spite of the character and ability of the nominee his canvass suffered from what had now come to be a wide-spread belief, whether correct or not, that the Administration had determined to use the Republican machine to push its strength by any and every means, in State as well as national affairs. The candidate for Congress at large at once withdrew from the ticket, stating plainly as his reason the popular disapproval of the methods employed by the winning faction at the State Convention. The same step was urged upon Judge Folger by influential members of his party; but, led by what many believed a mistaken sense of honor, he accepted the situation, and undertook the leadership of a forlorn hope to what he must have foreseen promised disastrous rout. Meantime local dissatisfaction had spread in Massachusetts through the removal of an efficient Federal Collector, to make way for one of the machine favorites—a step which contributed in large part to the loss of that State; and at the same time Senator Mahone gave color to the rumors of an alliance between the Administration and the Repudiators of Virginia by levying assessments on Federal office-holders, while the statement was allowed to pass unchallenged that dismissals of competent and faithful clerks, to make places for his henchmen, were made at his insistent request.

The result which all sane men predicted followed, as a matter of course. The action of the Independent vote was prompt and decisive throughout the land. For the first time in eight years, and the third time only in her history, Massachusetts went Democratic, and capped the climax of a grotesque career by placing General Butler in the Governor's chair.

In Pennsylvania, as in New York, the party candidate, though a man of high character and personal popularity, by accepting a nomination from the common machine, drove away the votes which would have elected him, and threw the Governorship to his Democratic opponent.

The Democrats won back Ohio, Indiana, and Connecticut, besides carrying New Jersey by anti-Republican majorities absolutely unprecedented in the political annals of the State. Finally, in New York, where the party abuses had been the most flagrant, the punishment inflicted was the most severe, and its opponents reversed the issue of 1880, and swept the State with a lead of nearly 200,000 votes.

With hardly a break, the same story came in from all parts of the land. Of the fifteen new Governors elected in 1882, the Democrats seated thirteen, whom they earned by large majorities, while the Republicans elected but two, and those by a scanty margin. As was commonly said, the "tidal wave" of 1874 was but a ripple to the hurricane of 1882, and the Republican party seemed to collapse with a crash that echoed throughout the political world.

The lesson of defeat was bitterly learned, but it operated at once with salutary effect, and its excellent influence is apparent to-day. No sooner had the people declared with unmistakable emphasis for legislative economy and administrative reform, than the Republican majority in Congress, with commendable promptness, accepted the situation, and at once proceeded to carry into effect the popular will. In marked contrast with the fearful and vacillating spirit of the present Democratic majority, who owe their control of the House to the elections of that year, the Republican majority of 1882 set to work, with a quick sense of the requirements of the time, by the introduction, as soon as the session opened, of important appropriation bills, and measures for the demanded reform of the civil service, and for the revision of the tariff and the internal revenue tax. Outside of Congress the chastening influence of defeat was equally apparent. The passage of the State civil service act, the liberal plan of party organization urged by Senator Miller at the New York Convention in 1883, the dropping of the tainted element from the State Committee, the opening of the party primaries in the city of New York to all Republicans in good standing, and especially the moderate and wholly proper tone of the request for political contributions issued by the committee, are all naturally regarded as responses to the lesson of 1882; while the nomination of Mr. Robinson, in Massachusetts, who was justly assumed to represent the true Republican spirit and purpose, is accepted as proof that that spirit has strengthened its control in that State.

The effect of these reforms upon the relative positions of the two parties has been equally prompt. The belief is again gaining ground that the Republicans, with all the faults incident to a prolonged tenure of power, possess the great moral quality of being able to draw wholesome lessons from defeat, and to respond with alacrity to that public sentiment upon which they depend for success, when expressed with unequivocal meaning at the polls. This belief has already produced its legitimate fruits. Instead of being able to repeat their sweeping victory of the year before in the State of New York, and in spite of the prestige of that phenomenal success, the Democrats in the election of 1883 lost to their opponents the head of the ticket, and only carried the remainder by pluralities averaging less than 16,000 votes, while the Republicans won control of both branches of the State Legislature, and thereby the right to name the next United States Senator. In Pennsylvania the Independents have renewed their support of the Republicans, declaring their belief that "any permanent improvement in our political methods and public life" is to be secured through that party; while in Massachusetts the party has again won for itself the support of the Independent vote, and by a majority of 10,000 seated its candidate in the Governor's chair. George Walton Green.

THE MARSHALL STATUE.

Mr. Story's bronze statue of Chief Justice Marshall, which stands on the terrace at the west front of the Capitol at Washington, was unveiled on the 10th inst. in the presence of a large concourse of citizens. A brief address was made by Chief Justice Waite, at the conclusion of which the statue was unveiled, and the oration of the day was delivered by William Henry Rawle.

The body and limbs of the figure, with the exception of the chest, fore-arms, and feet, are represented as enveloped by the judicial robes, through which, however, their restful position is easily seen, the body leaning well back in a substantial arm-chair of the fashion which still survives at the capital—a relic of earlier days—the right knee resting easily across its fellow. The left hand grasps a somewhat crumpled roll. The right arm rests upon the chair arm, the hand being open as if in gentle gesture. The pose of the head, however, the closed lips, and slightly knitted brow are those of an attentive listener.

The pedestal is of polished gray marble, veined in white; upon either side are panels of white marble, that upon the right showing seven full-length figures in relief, representing Minerva dictating the Constitution to Young America; that upon the left showing a group of eight, representing Victory leading Young America to swear fidelity at the altar of the Union. The end panels are of the same material as the body of the pedestal, that in front being polished, and bearing the inscription: "John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States. Erected by the Bar and the Congress of the United States. A.D. MDCCCLXXXIV."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

With the departure of lacrosse players, cricketers, and tennis champions for Europe thus early, it looks as though no quarter was to be given this season to the players of out-door games in the Old World. An attempt was made several years ago to introduce our national game—not draw poker—in England, but it was unsuccessful, and the nine returned disheartened.

The three distinguished men of the Transvaal who have been visiting the French capital were objects of unusual interest to the Parisians. Since the Boers made their splendid fight against the British the world at large has had a pretty good opinion of the stuff their republic is made of, and President Kruger and his associates found that they needed no introduction in Europe. No official representative of the French government was at the banquet at which the Boers were entertained. It was feared that some of the speakers might use hot words in reference to England, and so some of them did. According to a learned Dutchman, the Transvaal Dutch is to the mother tongue in some respects what French is to Latin. Terminal syllables are so clipped and the pronouns so interchanged that the language of the Boers would be hardly understood in Holland.

Though the Siamese diplomates appeared in very plain dress when they first stepped ashore in this city, they have since proved that they came prepared to shine if necessary. The suits in which they were received at the White House are said to have been more gorgeous than the most dazzling raiment that had ever been seen there. They were escorted thither by officers of the United States navy—whose uniforms are fairly showy when not bedimmed by contrast—and as they stood outlined against the emerald of the lawn, after alighting from their carriages, somebody remarked that it was "a symphony in gold and green." At the tomb of Washington their remarks indicated some knowledge of the career of the first President. They declined to be utilized by Mr. Barnum for the further identification of his Dolly Varden elephant.

A passenger who arrived at Castle Garden a few days ago on the steam-ship *Republic* asked for the address of O'Donovan Rossa. After he had departed it was observed that he had left in the Garden a brass-bound pine box. This box was regarded with much curiosity and respect, and an inspector of the Bureau of Combustibles was sent for after three days of suspense. He soaked the mysterious box in water, and then opened it very cautiously. It contained a white woollen blanket, a German Testament, two scrubbing-brushes, two potatoes, and a crust of rye bread. The inspector was not injured.

There are several cold-storage warehouses in New York, into which perishable merchandise is hurried when there is a glut in the market. These warehouses are simply immense refrigerators. In one of the big markets a scheme for furnishing cold air to dealers by sending it through pipes is to be tried. It is predicted that the time is not far distant when there will be cold-air pipes throughout the city for serving absence of heat to anybody who may want it, the same as water and gas are distributed, and in some streets steam.

A writer in England has been trying to remember whether there were not opals among the wedding presents of the Duchess of Albany. He is inclined to believe that there were. "No jeweller in London," he writes, "would let a young man buy an opal for an engagement ring, any more than an emerald."

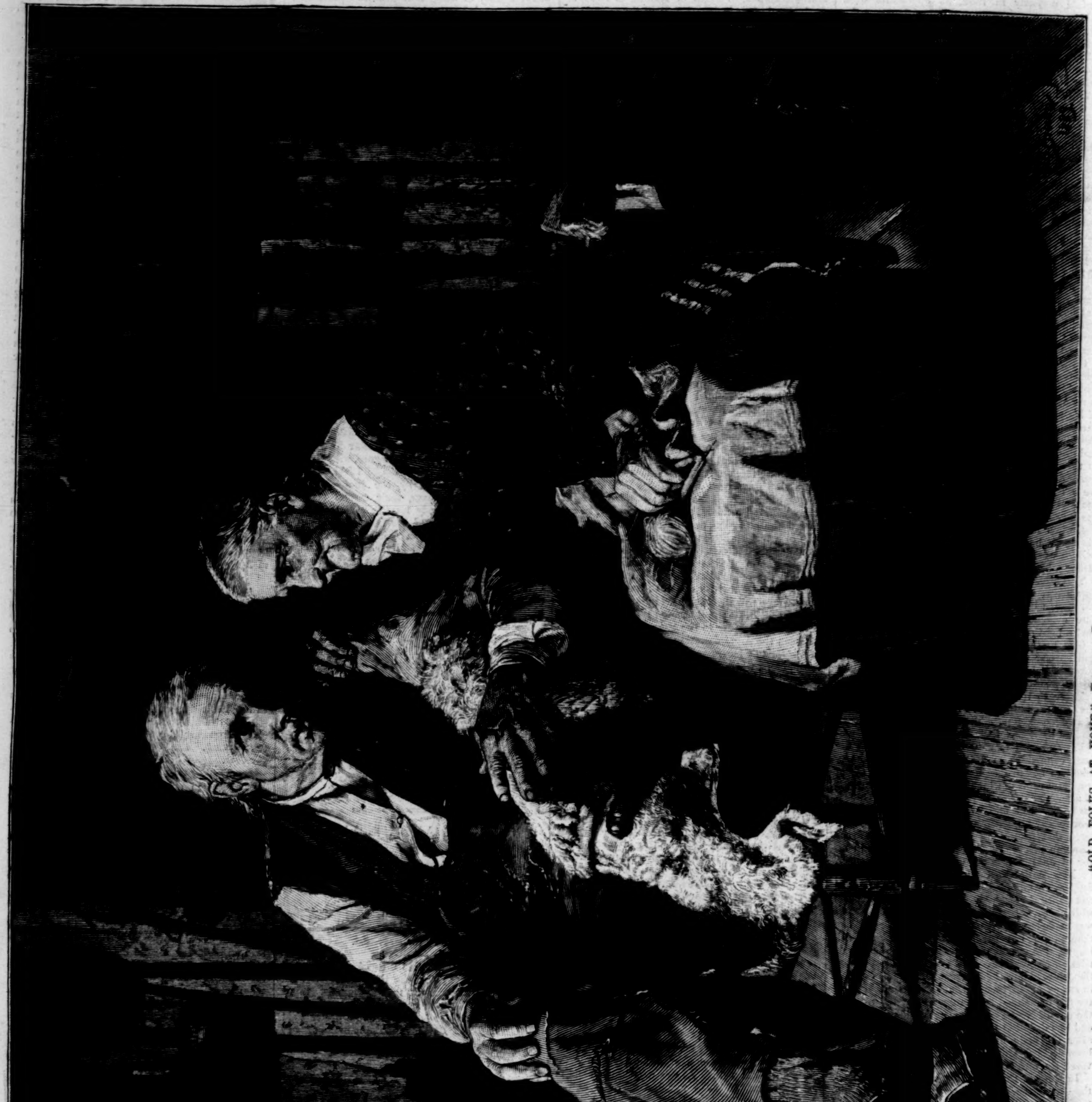
These are the interesting and newsy times when a man of note in England is thought to be dropping out of public notice if it is not announced at least once a month that he is about to go to Australia, and that on his return by way of America he will deliver lectures in the States.

A Chinese physician recently asked to be duly registered at the Health Department. He was told that he must be examined before the County Medical Society. When departing, he refused to take along a bundle of death certificates in blank, saying that he was not going to practice on the American plan.

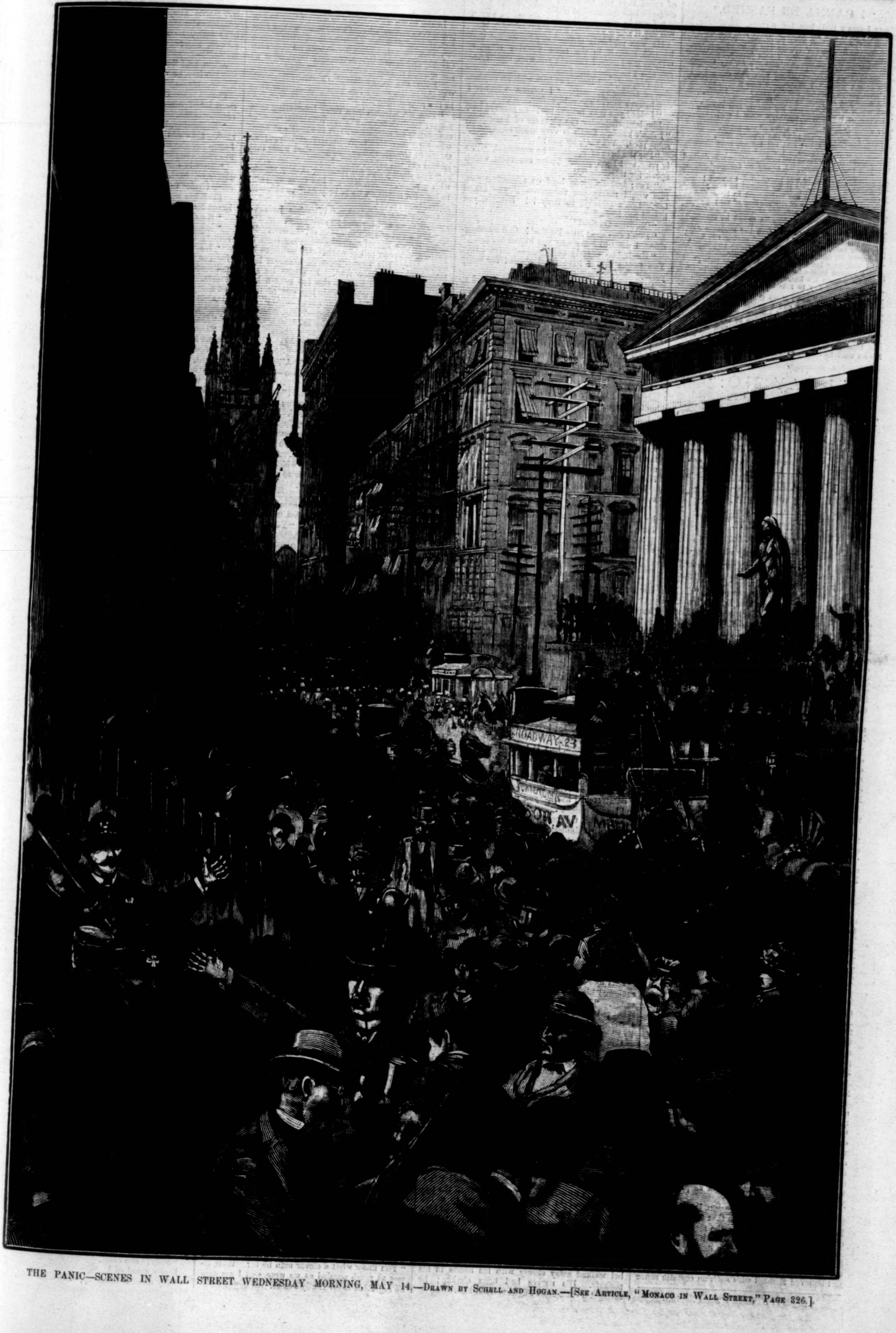
There is said to be a man in Cleveland who has suffered thirteen fractures or breaks of the various parts of his brittle bone-work. "He is constantly growing shorter," says the story of his misfortunes. His surgeons' bills would account for that.

A writer in one of the daily papers has attempted an explanation of the sudden sinking of the *State of Florida* after being struck amidships by the sailing vessel with which she was so unaccountably in collision. The vessels of her class have six water-tight compartments. If the one in the bow and the one in the stern were both filled with water, or even knocked off, he says, the buoyancy of the vessel would be little affected, because their specific gravity is about the same as that of water. The second compartment from the bow is usually filled with cargo, and is of greater specific gravity than the sea, and this is true also of the second compartment from the stern. There are two other compartments—one in which coal and cargo are stowed till it contributes nothing to the buoyancy of the vessel, and a large compartment amidships in which are the engines. The air in this compartment is what buoys the ship. Fill it with water, says this writer, and the iron vessel will at once sink.

YE TRIALS OF YE BANK EXAMINER.



"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."—From the Painting by J. G. Brown.



THE PANIC—SCENES IN WALL STREET WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 14.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Article, "Monaco in Wall Street," Page 326.]

"I CANNA BE FASHED."

When I was a little lass, just sixteen,
Bonnie was I, but proud as a queen;
Proud and saucy, and hard to please,
And wonderfu' fond o' taking my ease.
Folks didna mind then—for I was young—
The "canna be fashed" that was aye on my tongue.

"I couldna be fashed" wi' my books at the school,
And now I am old, I am only a fool;
"I couldna be fashed" wi' the dairy and house,
And now I'm as poor as ony kirk mouse;
And when mither spak o' my needle and thread,
"I couldna be fashed" was aye what I said.

But spite o' my laziness, spite o' my pride,
Young Elliott, the pride o' the country-side,
Cam seeking my love; and oft for his sake
A wheen o' fair promises I would make;
But when the time came the gude purpose was dashed
Wi' just the auld sang, "I canna be fashed."

"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to walk;
"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to talk;
I thought it was fine sae indifferent to be—
Folks mustna be sure o' the getting o' me;
And thus a' his hopes and his pleasures were dashed
With thae wearisome words, "I canna be fashed."

But I said them too often. One hot summer day,
When the folks were a' busy in "saving the hay,"
My lover said, "Lassie, let's help them awhile."
"I canna be fashed," I said, wi' a smile.
"O lassie, dear lassie, thae words gie me pain;"
And I looked in his face and said them again.
Then he put on his hat, took the over-hill track,
And from that day to this he has never come back.

I've had "fashes" enou since thae happy days,
Wi' losses and crosses and wearifu' ways;
I might hae been weel and happily wed
If I'd keepit a kind, ceevil tongue in my head;
But "I couldna be fashed" wi' others, you see,
And fortune and friends ceased "fashing" wi' me.
Sae, lasses, tak tent from the tale I hae told;
Dinna wait to be ceevil until you grow old.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PRETENDING.

Miss De Sor began cautiously with an apology. "Excuse me, Mr. Mirabel, for reminding you of my presence."

Mr. Mirabel made no reply.

"I beg to say," Francine proceeded, "that I didn't intentionally see you kiss Emily's hand."

Mirabel stood, looking at the roses which Emily had left on her chair, as completely absorbed in his own thoughts as if he had been alone in the garden.

"Am I not even worth notice?" Francine asked. "Ah, I know to whom I am indebted for your neglect!" She took him familiarly by the arm, and burst into a harsh laugh. "Tell me, now, in confidence, do you think Emily is fond of you?"

The impression left by Emily's kindness was still fresh in Mirabel's memory: he was in no humor to submit to the jealous resentment of a woman whom he regarded with perfect indifference. Through the varnish of politeness which overlaid his manner there rose to the surface the underlying insolence, hidden on all ordinary occasions from all human eyes. He answered Francine—mercilessly answered her—at last:

"It is the dearest hope of my life that she may be fond of me," he said.

Francine dropped his arm. "And fortune favors your hopes," she added, with an ironical assumption of interest in Mirabel's prospects. "When Mr. Morris leaves us to-morrow, he removes the only obstacle you have to fear. Am I right?"

"No; you are wrong."

"In what way, if you please?"

"In this way. I don't regard Mr. Morris as an obstacle. Emily is too delicate and too kind to hurt his feelings; she is not in love with him. There is no absorbing interest in her mind to divert her thoughts from me. She is idle and happy; she thoroughly enjoys her visit to this house, and I am associated with her enjoyment. There is my chance—"

He suddenly stopped. Listening to him thus far, unnaturally calm and cold, Francine now showed that she felt the lash of his contempt. A hideous smile passed slowly over her white face. It threatened the vengeance which knows no fear, no pity, no remorse—the vengeance of a jealous woman. Hysterical anger, furious language, Mirabel was prepared for. The smile frightened him.

"Well," she said, scornfully, "why don't you go on?"

A bolder man might still have maintained the audacious position which he had assumed. Mirabel's faint heart shrank from it. He was eager to shelter himself under the first excuse that he could find. His ingenuity, paralyzed by his fears, was unable to invent anything new. He feebly availed himself of the commonplace trick of evasion which he had read of in novels, and seen in action on the stage. "Is it possible," he asked, with an overacted assumption of surprise, "that you think I am in earnest?"

In the case of any other person, Francine would have instantly seen through that flimsy pretense. But the love which accepts the meanest crumbs of comfort that can be thrown to it—which fawns and grovels and deliberately deceives itself, in its own intensely selfish interests—was the love that burned in Francine's breast. The wretched girl believed Mirabel with such an ecstatic sense of relief that she trembled in every limb, and dropped into the nearest chair.

"*I* was in earnest," she said, faintly. "Didn't you see it?"

He was perfectly shameless; he denied that he had seen it, in the most positive manner. "Upon my honor, I thought you were mystifying me, and I humored the joke."

She sighed, and looked at him with an expression of tender reproach. "I wonder whether I can believe you?" she said, softly.

"Indeed you may believe me!" he assured her.

She hesitated—for the pleasure of hesitating. "I don't know. Emily is very much admired by some men. Why not by you?"

"For the best of reasons," he answered. "She is poor, and I am poor. Those are facts which speak for themselves."

"Yes; but Emily is bent on attracting you. She would marry you to-morrow if you asked her. Don't attempt to deny it! Besides, you kissed her hand."

"Oh, Miss De Sor!"

"Don't call me 'Miss De Sor'! Call me Francine. I want to know why you kissed her hand."

"Habit," he eagerly explained—"mere habit. You forget that I have lived abroad for many years."

His experience in foreign countries failed to interest her. "If I forgive you," she interposed, "will you kiss *my* hand?"

Mirabel obeyed, with a graceful alacrity which was a compliment in itself. "On the Continent," he resumed, "kissing a lady's hand—"

Francine interrupted him again. She remarked that he had not yet addressed her by her Christian name. "Why don't you call me 'Francine'?"

He humored her with inexhaustible servility. "I was about to say, Francine, that kissing a lady's hand is only a form of thanking her for her kindness. You must own that Emily—"

She interrupted him for the third time. "Emily?" she repeated. "Are you as familiar as that already? Does she call you 'Miles,' when you are by yourselves? Is there any effort at fascination which this charming creature has left untried? She has told you, no doubt, what a friendless and interesting person she is."

Even Mirabel felt that he must not permit this to pass.

"She has said nothing to me about herself," he answered. "What I know of her I know from Mr. Wyvil."

"Oh, indeed! Mr. Wyvil told you she was an orphan, of course?"

"He said she lost her mother when she was a child."

"How interesting! I suppose he mentioned her father next?"

"He only told me her father died suddenly, of heart-disease."

"Well, and what else? Never mind now! Here is somebody coming."

The person was only one of the servants. Mirabel felt profoundly grateful to the man for interrupting them.

"A message, I suppose," he said to Francine. "We are wanted at the house."

It turned out that only one of them was wanted—and that one was Mirabel. "Miss Brown wishes to speak to you, sir, if you are not engaged." There was a message!

Francine controlled herself until the man was out of hearing.

"Upon my word, this is too shameless!" she declared, indignantly. "Emily can't leave you with me for five minutes, without wanting to see you again. If you go to her, after what you have said to me," she cried, threatening Mirabel with her outstretched hand, "you are the meanest of men!"

He *was* the meanest of men—he carried out his cowardly submission to the last extremity.

"Only say what you wish me to do," he replied.

Even Francine expected some little resistance from a creature bearing the outward appearance of a man. "Oh, do you really mean it?" she asked.

He answered jauntily by a bow.

She could hardly feel sure of him yet. "Let me go to Emily instead of you," she suggested. "I will undertake to make your excuse."

"I will do anything to please you."

Francine gave him a farewell look. Her admiration made a desperate effort to express itself in appropriate words. "You are not a man," she said; "you are an angel!"

Left by himself, Mirabel sat down to rest. He reviewed his own conduct with perfect complacency. "Not one man in a hundred could have managed that she-devil as I have done," he thought. "How shall I explain matters to Emily?"

Considering this question, he looked by chance at the unfinished crown of roses. "The very thing to help me!" he said, and took out his pocket-book, and wrote these lines on a blank page:

"I have had a scene of jealousy with Miss De Sor, which is beyond all description. To spare *you* a similar infliction, I have done violence to my own feelings. Instead of instantly obeying the message which you have so kindly sent to me, I remain here for a little while—entirely for your sake. That poor mad creature must be humored, or she may create a scandal in the house. I know you will understand and forgive me."

Having torn out the page, and twisted it up among the roses, so that only a corner of the paper appeared in view, Mirabel called to a lad who was at work in the garden, and gave him his directions, accompanied by a shilling. "Take those flowers to the servants' hall, and tell one of the maids to put them in Miss Brown's room. Stop! Which is the way to the fruit garden?"

The lad gave the necessary directions. Mirabel walked away slowly with his hands in his pockets. His nerves had been shaken; he thought a little fruit might refresh him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DEBATING.

In the mean while Emily had been true to her promise to relieve Mirabel's anxieties on the subject of Miss Jethro. Entering the drawing-room in search of Alban, she found him talking with Cecilia, and heard her own name mentioned as she opened the door.

"Here she is at last!" Cecilia exclaimed. "What in the world has kept you all this time in the rose garden?"

"Has Mr. Mirabel been more interesting than usual?" Alban asked, gayly. Whatever sense of annoyance he might have felt in Emily's absence was forgotten the moment she appeared; all traces of trouble in his face vanished when they looked at each other.

"You shall judge for yourself," Emily replied, with a smile. "Mr. Mirabel has been speaking to me of a relative who is very dear to him—his sister."

Cecilia was surprised. "Why has he never spoken to *us* of his sister?" she asked.

"It's a sad subject to speak of, my dear. His sister lives a life of suffering—she has been for years a prisoner in her room. He writes to her constantly. His letters from Monksmoor have interested her, poor soul. It seems he said something about me—and she has sent a kind message, inviting me to visit her one of these days. Do you understand it now, Cecilia?"

"Of course I do! Tell me—is Mr. Mirabel's sister older or younger than he is?"

"Older."

"Is she married?"

"She is a widow."

"Does she live with her brother?" Alban asked.

"Oh no! She has her own house—far away in Northumberland."

"Is she near Sir Jervis Redwood?"

"I fancy not. Her house is on the coast."

"Any children?" Cecilia inquired.

"No; she is quite alone. Now, Cecilia, I have told you all I know—and I have something to say to Mr. Morris. No, you needn't leave us; it's a subject in which you are interested. A subject," she repeated, turning to Alban, "which you may have noticed is not very agreeable to me."

"Miss Jethro?" Alban guessed.

"Yes, Miss Jethro."

Cecilia's curiosity instantly asserted itself. "*We* have tried to get Mr. Mirabel to enlighten us, and tried in vain," she said. "You are a favorite. Have you succeeded?"

"I have made no attempt to succeed," Emily replied. "My only object is to relieve Mr. Mirabel's anxiety, if I can—with your help, Mr. Morris."

"In what way can I help you?"

"You mustn't be angry."

"Do I look angry?"

"You look serious. It is a very simple thing. Mr. Mirabel is afraid that Miss Jethro may have said something disagreeable about him which you might hesitate to repeat. He naturally wishes (if there is any such necessity) to set himself right, and he thought of speaking to you, but feared he might be misunderstood. There is no such danger where I am concerned; so I speak for him. Is he making himself uneasy without any reason?"

"Without the slightest reason. I have concealed nothing from Mr. Mirabel."

"Thank you for the explanation." She turned to Cecilia. "May I send one of the servants with a message? I may as well put an end to Mr. Mirabel's suspense."

The man was summoned, and was dispatched with the message. Emily would have done well, after this, if she had abstained from speaking further of Miss Jethro. But Mirabel's doubts had, unhappily, inspired a similar feeling of uncertainty in her own mind. She was now disposed to attribute the tone of mystery in Alban's unlucky letter to some possible concealment, suggested by regard for herself. "I wonder whether *I* have any reason to feel uneasy?" she said, half in jest, half in earnest.

"Uneasy about what?" Alban asked.

"About Miss Jethro, of course! Has she said anything of *me* which your kindness has concealed?"

Alban seemed to be a little hurt by the doubt which her question implied. "Was that your motive," he said, "for answering my letter in a tone of reserve?"

"Indeed you are quite wrong!" Emily earnestly assured him. "I hardly knew how to answer you, I was so perplexed and startled—but there was no doubt of you in my mind. I consulted with Cecilia, and what I wrote I wrote under her father's advice. Shall we drop the subject?"

Alban would have willingly dropped the subject, but for that unfortunate allusion to Mr. Wyvil. Emily had unconsciously touched him on a sore place. He had already heard from Cecilia of the consultation over his letter, and had disapproved of it. In the daughter's presence it was impossible for him to say plainly that the father had consented to interfere in a matter which did not concern him. But he was sufficiently displeased to tell Emily what he felt in guarded language. "I think you were wrong to trouble Mr. Wyvil," he said.

The altered tone of his voice suggested to Emily that he would have spoken more severely if Cecilia had not been in the room. She thought him needlessly ready to complain of a harmless proceeding, and she too returned to the subject, after having proposed to drop it not a minute since!

"You didn't tell me I was to keep your letter a secret," she replied.

Cecilia made matters worse—with the best intentions. "I'm sure, Mr. Morris, my father was only too glad to give Emily his advice," she said. "You know what a clever man he is? Well, he was as much puzzled as we were, and I am sure he regretted it for Emily's sake."

Alban remained silent—ungraciously silent, as Emily thought, after Mr. Wyvil's kindness to him.

"The thing to regret," she remarked, "is that Mr. Morris allowed Miss Jethro to leave him without explaining herself. In his place, I should have insisted on knowing why she wanted to prevent me from meeting Mr. Mirabel in this house."

Alban still listened in silence. Now, when it was too late, he was sorry that he had mentioned Mr. Wyvil's name.

Cecilia made another unlucky attempt at judicious interference. This time she tried a gentle remonstrance.

"Remember, Emily, how Mr. Morris was situated. He could hardly be rude to a lady. And I dare say she had good reasons for not wishing to explain herself."

"That is exactly my complaint against her," Emily rejoined. "If Miss Jethro had good reasons, I want to know what they were."

Francine opened the drawing-room door, and heard Emily's last words.

"Miss Jethro again!" she exclaimed.

"Where is Mr. Mirabel?" Emily asked. "I sent him a message."

"He regrets to say he is otherwise engaged for the present," Francine replied, with spiteful politeness. "Don't let me interrupt the conversation. Who is this Miss Jethro, whose name is on everybody's lips?"

Alban spoke at last. "We have done with the subject," he said, sharply.

"Because I am here?"

"Because we have said more than enough about Miss Jethro already."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Morris," Emily answered, resenting the masterful tone which Alban's interference had assumed. "I have not done with Miss Jethro yet, I can assure you."

"My dear, you don't know where she lives," Cecilia reminded her.

"Leave me to discover it," Emily answered, hotly. "Perhaps Mr. Mirabel knows. I shall ask Mr. Mirabel."

"I thought you would find a reason for returning to Mr. Mirabel," Francine remarked.

Before Emily could reply, one of the maids entered the room with a wreath of roses in her hand.

"Mr. Mirabel sends you these flowers, miss. The boy said they were to be taken to your room. I thought it was a mistake, and I have brought them to you here."

Francine, who happened to be nearest to the door, took the roses from the girl on pretense of handing them to Emily. Her jealous vigilance detected the one visible morsel of Mirabel's letter, twisted up with the flowers. Had Emily entrapped him into a secret correspondence with her? "A scrap of waste paper among your roses," she said, crumpling it up in her hand, as if she meant to throw it away.

But Emily was too quick for her. She caught Francine by the wrist. "Waste paper or not," she said, "it was among my flowers, and it belongs to me."

Francine gave up the letter, with a look which might have startled Emily if she had noticed it. She handed the roses to Cecilia. "I was making a wreath for you to wear this evening, my dear, and I left it in the garden. It is not quite finished yet."

Cecilia was delighted. "How lovely it is!" she exclaimed. "And how very kind of you! I'll finish it myself." She turned away to the conservatory.

"I had no idea I was interfering with a letter," said Francine, watching Emily with fiercely attentive eyes while she smoothed out the crumpled paper.

Having read what Mirabel had written to her, Emily considered a little, then rang the bell and recalled the maid. "Is the messenger waiting?" she asked. Hearing that the lad was still in the house, she wrote a few lines, addressed to Mirabel. Giving them to the maid at the door, she looked round toward Alban.

He had noticed something in Francine's face which he was at a loss to understand, but which made her presence in the room absolutely hateful to him. Emily stopped him just as he was about to follow Cecilia into the conservatory.

"I have set Mr. Mirabel's uneasy mind at rest," she said—"thanks to you. And I have done something else which I am afraid will not meet with your approval. I have asked him if he knows Miss Jethro's address."

"I hope he is as ignorant of it as I am," Alban answered, gravely.

"Are we going to quarrel over Miss Jethro as we once quarrelled over Mrs. Rook?" Emily asked, with the readiest recovery of her good-humor. "Come, come! I am sure you are as anxious in your own private mind to have this matter cleared up as I am."

"With one difference—that I think of consequences, and you don't." He said it in his gentlest and kindest manner, and stepped into the conservatory.

"Never mind the consequences," she called after him, "if we can only get at the truth. I hate being deceived."

"There is no person living who has better reason than you have to say that."

Emily looked round with a start. Alban was out of hearing. It was Francine who had answered her.

"What do you mean?" she said.

Francine hesitated. A ghastly paleness overspread her face.

"Are you ill?" Emily asked.

"No; I am thinking."

After waiting awhile in silence, Emily moved away toward the door of the drawing-room. Francine suddenly held up her hand.

"Stop!" she cried.

Emily stood still.

"My mind is made up," Francine said.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

"Made up—to what?"

"You asked what I meant, just now."

"I did."

"Well, my mind is made up to answer you. Miss Emily Brown, you are leading a sadly frivolous life in this house. I am going to give you something more serious to think about than your flirtation with Mr. Mirabel. Oh, don't be impatient! I am coming to the point. Without knowing it yourself, you have been the victim of deception for years past—cruel deception—wicked deception that puts on the mask of mercy."

"Are you alluding to Miss Jethro?" Emily asked, in astonishment. "I thought you were strangers to each other. Just now, you wanted to know who she was."

"I know nothing about her. I care nothing about her. I am not thinking of Miss Jethro."

"Who are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking," Francine answered, "of your dead father."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AMBULANCE SERVICE.

WALKING up or down Broadway you are apt to hear suddenly the sharp strokes of a bell. They come swiftly nearer. The lumbering trucks and omnibuses draw away to either side. The stroke of the bell rings loudly right at your side, and in a moment a light covered vehicle dashes past you. Barely an instant later the bell is striking far ahead of you, and the wagon has disappeared into a side street, or is hidden from view by the trucks and omnibuses which have again taken full possession of the roadway. You may have had time to read AMBULANCE on the light vehicle as it dashed down the street, and to have caught sight of a young man wearing an official cap.

As you walk on your progress may be checked by a crowd that has gathered around something on the sidewalk. Near the curb you see the ambulance. In a little while the crowd falls back, and the young man with the official cap gives an order. Something is raised from the sidewalk and carried slowly toward the wagon. As the stretcher is lifted into the ambulance you catch a glimpse of a poor agonized face (the face may be of a little girl or a boy); the young man takes his seat again, the driver grasps the reins, you hear the sharp strokes of the bell once more, and the ambulance drives back to the hospital. If your curiosity is excited, you may read in next morning's paper how a lad was caught and lacerated by the machinery of the factory in which he worked, or how a poor delicate girl was crushed by one of the lumbering trucks or omnibuses, and how she lay there exposed to the stare of the curious crowd till she was taken by the ambulance to some hospital—most likely, if the accident occurred down-town, to the Chambers Street branch of the New York Hospital.

One day as the writer was standing in the waiting-room of this branch of the up-town hospital, known as the Chambers Street Hospital, conversing with one of the ambulance surgeons on the subject of this article, there was a sudden jingling of the bell in the basement.

"That's a fire-alarm! Ring up the ambulance!" called the surgeon.

Before the jingling had stopped, or the surgeon had finished the order, the superintendent had turned a switch on the signal instrument.

"That brings the ambulance from our stables to the door," said the surgeon. "The jingling you heard comes from Police Head-quarters. It simply tells us that there's a fire in our district, and to be prepared for another call in case of accident. Here's the ambulance."

It came rattling down the street, and with a quick turn fetched up at the door. The surgeon while speaking had put on his cap. As he had stretched his arm to take it down from the peg, the flap of his coat lifted somewhat, and disclosed a small leather case, evidently for surgical instruments, protruding from the inside pocket. The superintendent, who had been listening at the telephone, said they had telephoned from police head-quarters that the fire was on Broadway, near Canal Street.

Just then a succession of sharp strokes was given on the bell in the basement.

"One, two, three, four," counted the surgeon, as the bell went on striking, until he had told twenty. "There's been an accident at the fire, and they want an ambulance. Come along."

We rushed down the steps, and before we were on the seat in the back of the ambulance the bell near the driver's seat was ringing out sharply, and we were speeding along.

As we dashed up the street, every vehicle, whether it was going in the same direction with us or coming toward us, pulled out of our way. That little bell seemed to have a magical effect. Burly, surly drivers, who would have cursed like troopers in a Broadway jam, hauled up to the curb, and the light wagon went spinning along on a straight line till it met one of the United States Mail carts. Then the ambulance turned out as any ordinary vehicle would have done. Speeding up Broadway it had a perfectly clear track.

"It's as likely at a fire to be a thigh injury as any other," said the surgeon, as he drew out some long splints from the mattress in the bottom of the wagon. "These are for such injuries. In this bag"—pointing to a bag that hung from the side of the wagon cover—"we have smaller splints. But here we are."

Barely a few minutes had elapsed since we had left the hospital, yet the sizzling of the fire-engines told us that we were within the fire line. In a moment the ambulance had stopped and backed up to the sidewalk. We had jumped from our seat. The body of the wagon slanted toward the curb, and in an instant the mattress was slid out on to the walk. A falling beam had shattered a fireman's leg. He was lifted on to the mattress, a swift examination was made, the splints adjusted, the mattress, with the fireman upon it, slid into the wagon again. We jumped into our seat, the driver into his, the sharp strokes began once more, and away we sped back to the hospital. In spite of our hot pace and the jolting of the wheels, the injured man seemed to lie easy, the mattress moving only gently up and down.

We were soon at the hospital again—just fourteen minutes from the time we had started. The surgeon lifted a stretcher out from the wagon, and opened it on the sidewalk. The mattress with the fireman upon it was slid on to the stretcher, and then the attendants carried it into the basement room, where the injured man was received by the house surgeon, who proceeded to make a careful examination of the case.

During the preliminaries he asked the fireman where he lived. "Do you want to be treated here or at home after I get through?" The fireman expressed a wish to be taken home, and as it would not, in the surgeon's opinion, be dangerous to transport him, he was promised that the ambulance would take him to his home in the afternoon.

The following facts regarding the ambulance service were obtained from Dr. C. A. JERSEY to supplement the writer's practical experience of fourteen minutes. The writer requested Dr. JERSEY to inform him what steps had to be taken in order to bring an ambulance to the relief of an injured person. The answer was to the following effect:

Suppose a man engaged on one of the large buildings which one sees going up in the lower part of the town falls from a scaffolding and is injured. The crowd which gathers about the injured man usually attracts the attention of the policeman on the beat. When he ascertains that some one has been injured, he notifies the authorities at the station-house. At times a private person who knows where the station-house is situated may get to it with the news even before the officer knows of the occurrence. The information is then telegraphed or telephoned from the station-house to Police Head-quarters, whence it is conveyed by telephone to the hospital in the district in which the accident has happened. If it happens to have occurred in the district in which the Chambers Street branch of the New York Hospital is situated, and the news is received there, a call is sent to the ambulance stables in Duane Street. There are three calls to those stables—the first, for the ambulance to come to the hospital door; the second, for the ambulance to wait for the surgeon at the stables; the third, for it to wait for him at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street. There are two ambulances attached to this hospital. During the day one of them is ready to start on the instant the call is sounded, the horse being in harness and the driver on his seat, and no matter whether it be driven at once to the hospital, or the surgeon meet it at the stables or at the other rendezvous, rarely more than two minutes elapse between the call and the time the surgeon is in his seat. At night both horses are unhitched, but they are harnessed on the system adopted by the Fire Department, so that very little time is lost. The surgeon once aboard, the ambulance is off for the scene of the accident. It will have been noticed that any delay in extending help to the injured under this system is due to the clumsy manner of conveying the information to the hospital, or, more properly speaking, to the station-house. This may cover twenty minutes or more, and in some cases a delay of twenty minutes is a serious matter.

In this city there are seven hospitals to which ambulances are attached, viz., the New York Hospital, the Chambers Street branch of the New York Hospital, St. Vincent's, Bellevue, the Ninety-ninth Street branch of Bellevue, the Presbyterian, and the Roosevelt. The calls which come from Police Head-quarters are divided into ordinary and "hurry-up" calls. In the case of a "hurry-up" call, the spot where the accident has occurred is reached with the utmost speed, the ambulance "sliding right up," to use the expressive phrase of the ambulance surgeons. This speed of course could not be attained were it not that the ambulance has the right of way over every class of vehicle excepting the vehicles of the United States Mail and of the Fire Department.

Each ambulance is fitted up with a sliding mattress, boxes for splints, emetics, antidotes, and instruments for stopping hemorrhage. The service has existed here about eight years, and not being in any way connected with politics, is highly efficient. Before it was introduced, patients were carried to hospitals on stretchers, as they are still in London and Paris.

"SOUND BODIES" AT THE FIFTH AVENUE SCHOOL.

IT is strange that a people as intelligent as ours, and who spend lavishly on the mental education of their children, do little or nothing for their bodies. And this at the period when the body, growing and plastic, can most readily be trained for effective after-work. Yet so intimately are mind and body related that the neglect to train the latter tells, often seriously, on the working power of the former, impairing its usefulness and shortening its term of service. In countless cases it opens the door to disease. Mr. BEECHER well says that "one whole half of the force of human life is squandered by reason of weakness and sickness. It is a matter for educators, for moralists, and for economists to study, as fundamental to the prosperity of society." Yet the great majority of our educators even to-day wholly omit any systematic steps to prevent the evils which come to a neglected body. Many do not seem aware that the body can be improved and strengthened as surely as the mind, and by means in some ways similar, namely, by daily and judicious exercise. Yet this was well understood and its importance felt more than two thousand years ago. The education of ALEXANDER the Great "was committed first to LEONIDAS, then to LYSIMACHUS, and afterward to ARISTOTLE. This great philosopher withdrew him to a distance from the court, and instructed him in every branch of human learning, especially what related to the art of government, *while at the same time he disciplined and invigorated his body by gymnastic exercises.*" Thus, instead of intrusting his bodily education to some acrobat or athlete, able to do even hazardous feats in his line, but unfamiliar with teaching others, a teacher of commanding ability and wide learning, though not known at all as an athlete himself, directed this important branch of the pupil's preparation for arduous after-work.

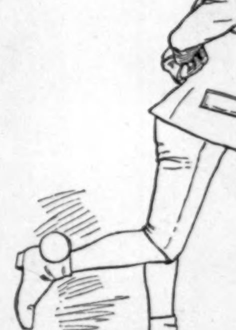
No. 1.

No. 2.

This very plan of the great philosopher of blending the training of mind and body is already at work in not a few schools in our land, and, from the way others are awakening, it promises ere many years to become—as it is already in some nations of continental Europe—general. Instead of urging the boy or girl to useless and dangerous feats of strength or agility, they are purposely held back from them, yet taught their risk. Instead, on the other hand, of wasting their time on work so light and aimless as to be of little value, the exercise is made both vigorous, and, in its effect, readily understood by every pupil. Instead, too, of constantly giving some muscles, as in military drilling or in most athletic work, too much to do, and ignoring the others, direct attention is paid both to the weak and neglected parts and to the attaining of general symmetry and vigor. In this way it is found that in but a few minutes each day, right in the school aisle, each pupil, aided by the presence of his fellows and the teacher's advice, scrutiny, and leading, makes in the course of even one year, and often in a very few weeks, very gratifying progress, while he also comes to know much about the working of his body.

No. 3.

One of the pioneers in this direction is the Fifth Avenue School for Boys, a prominent school in New York city for classical and business training, where sons of Messrs. VANDERBILT, GOULD, HILTON, DILLON, and other well-known men have been trained for their life's work. *Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls*, a school manual, by the author of *How to Get Strong*, recently published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, has been adopted here as a text-book. One of the principals, Mr. BEACH, himself leads in each exercise, adding any word of advice or explanation which may be needed. Each part of each limb and the various parts of the body have special exercises which call them directly into play. Many cuts show the exact position to be taken, while the text explains in few words just what to do and how to do it. Questions follow each day's lesson, as in any other study, and it is astonishing how soon the pupil comes to know the effect of any exercise in school or out, and what he should do for the parts which most need building up. Naturally such a branch is popular among the pupils. Mr. BEACH says, "The boys work every day at the exercises, and do exceedingly well, *because they all take great interest in it.*"

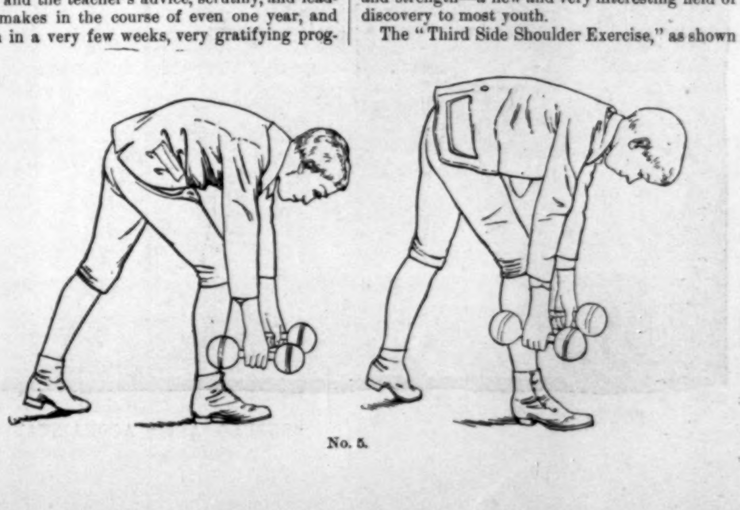


No. 4.

The accompanying illustrations show some of these boys at work. All No. 1 has to do is to lean far over to one side, then to the other. But he has found in this "First Side Exercise" a little work which, while it costs nothing and needs no tools, will soon add fullness and strength to a weak waist, and will make it far easier to stoop over toward either side than it used to be, while it will also tend to give most of the vital organs more room than formerly, and so aid them to do better work.

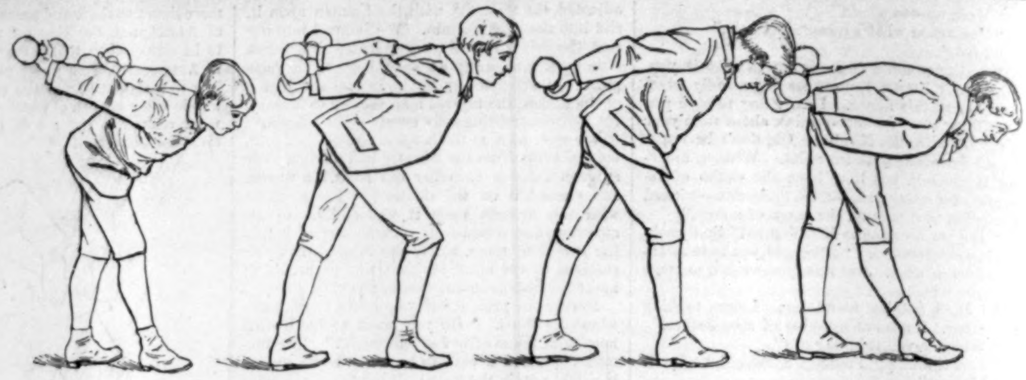
No. 2, in the "Third Front Shoulder Exercise," is giving both the fronts of his shoulders and the backs of his arms a lot of work, as in a very few minutes he finds. But he finds also just what parts are at work, and so where he is adding size and strength—a new and very interesting field of discovery to most youth.

The "Third Side Shoulder Exercise," as shown



No. 5.

No. 6.



No. 7.

by No. 3, has this peculiarity: it can not be done right without tipping the head very far back. You start with the bells high above your head, and lower them slowly till in the position shown. This keeps the muscles on the top and corner of the shoulders hard at work, and soon tends to make them full and strong. But it does more than this. It is one of the best chest-expanders known, especially if you breathe deeply and fully—"away down"—while doing it. In all these exercises the dumb-bells should each weigh about one-fifteenth as much as the boy who uses them, or one-twentieth as much as the girl.

No. 4 soon learns what part the "Third Under-side of the Thigh Exercise" sets at work. Tying the dumb-bell to his ankle, and steadily raising and lowering it, the back of the thigh fills and gets strong, and the boy finds running easier work than it used to be.

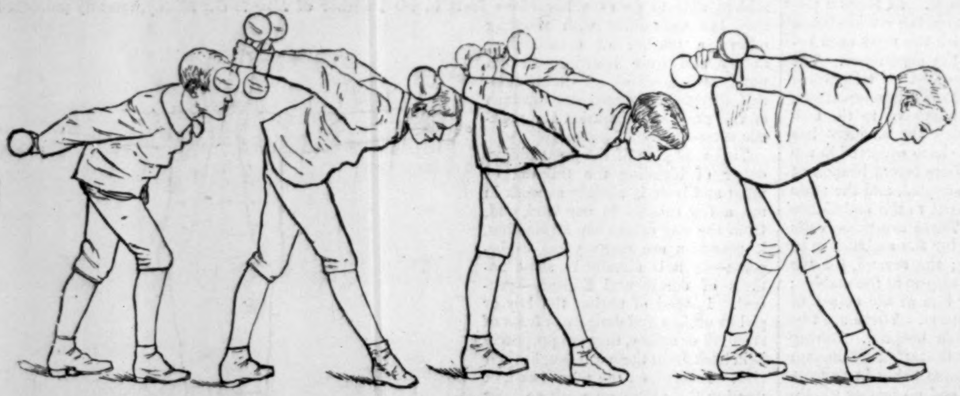
The two boys in No. 5 at the "Fifth Below Knee Exercise" are not only getting a deal of arm, shoulder, and chest work, but by pushing hard with the toes and sole of the hind-foot as it leaves the floor, are giving the calf of the leg new and vigorous exercise, soon improving its shape and size, and adding ease and elasticity of step as well.

Walking with the bells, as in the "Third Exercise for the Back of the Waist," No. 6, builds up that important part of the back, adding grace and strength to its owner, and improving a part of the body in many boys and girls actually weak.

The rows of boys at the "Second Inner Back Exercise," Nos. 7 and 8, have hit on capital work for thin shoulder-blades and slim back-arms. Five minutes a day of such work would go far, even in one year, toward bringing plump, well-shaped shoulders; indeed, almost the whole broad of the back and back of the neck share in the benefit.

The little fellow in No. 9, who is "cross-twisting," or trying to twist the stick toward him with his right hand and from him with his left, has all the fore-arm work he wants, and, if steady at it, will have a fine fore-arm and waist long before the year is out.

Thus in these few exercises, singled out from hundreds, all safe and simple yet vigorous, and all learned at one trying, a boy or girl is able to add size, grace, and strength to almost any part of body or limb, while they also soon come to know that the body, like the mind, can be educated and made equal to the demands of almost any life, however exacting. An ordinary school-room, a couple of dumb-bells, a piece of broomstick, the floor, the common school furniture, and the same teacher who instructs in the other branches—these, with daily work for a few minutes only, right in among the other lessons, and without change of clothing, bring the pupil on in a few months in a way gratifying to all concerned. The boy or girl leaves school with an intelligent idea of a right use of the body, and also of what will abuse it. With an hour or two of afternoon active out-door exercise besides, their prospect of healthy and vigorous life in the later years is greatly improved, while the teacher can not but feel glad at having aided in so useful a work. And in what school in America could not this system be adopted to-day?



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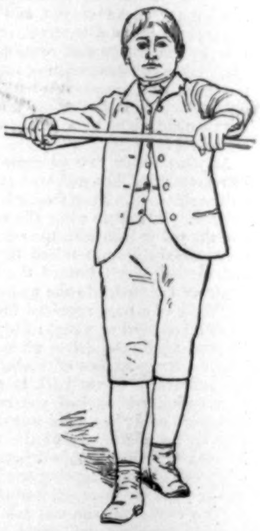

No. 9.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

FERDINAND WARD.—Photographed by F. E. Pearsall.

GEORGE I. SENEY.—Photographed by Fredericks.

THE PHILADELPHIA CRICKETERS.

Despite the oft-repeated assertion that the noble game of cricket has but a very modest clientage in this country, a party of Philadelphia gentlemen have thought it well to arrange for a trip through Great Britain this summer for the purpose of meeting the most distinguished of English county amateurs on their own tented fields and at their own national sport. In past years we have detailed the representatives of American oarsmen, base-ball, and lacrosse to cross the seas, and with chances of success try conclusions with England's champions; but the suggestion of assailing her at the sport in which she has excelled since the time of the Virgin Queen was, until very recently, thought to savor more of buncombe than of a "purpose firm, equal to the deed."

The coterie of cricketers who sailed last Saturday on the *City of Rome*, however, follow in the wake of all previous invaders under entirely different auspices. Exempt from all suspicion of professionalism, and having stipulated from the first that gate-money receipts should not set a price on their performances, they will be received in England as gentlemen sportsmen in search of a pleasant holiday, and socially will be entertained as such. But while they will be recognized as a party of pleasure-seekers, their fame as admirable players of the game of cricket has already been carried back by those elevens, both professional and amateur, who have tried conclusions with the Quaker boys in America's nursery of cricket—Philadelphia. They will therefore throughout their wanderings, from the first match by the shadow of Dublin Castle to the last contest on the plains of Kent, not only meet with a royal reception, but the best amateur opposition that Great Britain affords.

Having selected the most charming season of the year for their trip, and through the instrumentality of Mr. Henry Perkins, the Secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club, together with Lord Harris, I. D. Walker, Esq., and other celebrated cricketers, having arranged a programme of matches that will lead them to many of the quaint old towns in the rural districts, their path will be literally strewn with flowers. Beginning at Dublin on June 2, where they play Dublin University, and two days later the Gentlemen of Ireland on the private grounds of the Lord-Lieutenant, the visitors will proceed to Edinburgh to contest a two days' match with the Gentlemen of Scotland on June 7th and 8th. Their next appointment is with the Gentlemen of the Marylebone Cricket Club, on Lord's Grounds, London. Making the metropolis their central point, they will thence make trips to Stockport, Leicester, Southampton, Cheltenham, Lansdown, Rochdale, Liverpool, Newcastle, Derby, the Oval at London, Brighton, and Maidstone. At all of these places they will meet strong county teams. Before they return an attempt will be made to meet one of the English universities, probably Oxford, and Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and several other of the large public-school elevens, and should success attend their initial games, they threaten to challenge the Gentlemen of England, and the famous Australians, who are visiting the old country this season for the fourth time.

As only two-day matches have been arranged, and only two matches a week, an excellent opportunity will be afforded the visitors to rest, and see the country through which they pass.

The team consists of fourteen players, the pick of Philadelphia's amateurs, all of whom are natives of the Quaker City save Mr. William Brockie, Jun., who was born at Birkenhead, Cheshire, England; but he, with all the rest, acquired all knowledge of the game in Philadelphia. On this page the cricketers are shown, copied from an excellent photograph by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia. The party is all represented with the exception of Mr. Joseph Fox, of the Merion Cricket Club, who for some time past has been residing in England.

THE HON. R. J. OGLESBY.—Photographed by E. B. Core.

THE HON. R. J. OGLESBY.

The Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois has led an active, eventful, and exemplary public life. A Kentuckian by birth, he has lived in his adopted State since his twelfth year, and has attained eminence as a lawyer, a statesman, and a soldier. He has twice been Governor of Illinois, and has represented that State with credit and ability in the United States Senate. General Oglesby is about sixty years of age.

THE PANIC IN WALL STREET.

We give on page 333 a view of the extraordinary scenes that took place in Wall Street on the 14th inst., when for a time it appeared as if the country was on the verge of a great financial crisis. For a few hours almost everybody connected with the street seemed to have lost his head, and a stranger going into Wall Street, without knowing the cause of the tumult, might easily have imagined that Bedlam had been let loose therein.

The portrait of Mr. Ferdinand Ward, whose operations precipitated the recent panic, and that of Mr. George I. Seney, late president of the Metropolitan Bank, will be found on this page.

J. B. Thayer, Jun. W. Brockie, Jun. E. W. Clark, Jun. Charles A. Newhall. Howard McNutt. J. A. Scott. William C. Lowry.
W. C. Morgan, Jun. R. S. Newhall, Captain. F. E. Brewster. Hazen Brown. Sutherland Law. D. P. Stoever. Thomas Robins, Jun., Official Scorer.

THE PHILADELPHIA CRICKET TEAM.—Photographed by Gutekunst.

CYRUS H. McCORMICK.

The inventor whose genius has done so much to make America the centre of the grain trade of the world died at his home in Chicago, May 13, full of years and honors, and in the enjoyment of vast wealth. Cyrus Hall McCormick was a Virginian, born in Rockbridge County on the 14th of February, 1809, and was thus at his decease in his seventy-fifth year. Brought up on the family farm, he very early turned his attention to the improvement of agricultural implements, and after patenting a hill-side plough and a self-sharpening horizontal plough, he began his attempts to perfect a reaping-machine. His father, from whom he inherited his mechanical genius, had already been making experiments in this direction, but without success. The son, adopting as his cutting apparatus a saw-like reciprocating blade, created the present reaper, and for several years devoted all his energies to bring his idea into practical completion. He lost some money in his iron-smelting business, and in 1847 took up his residence in Chicago, and commenced the manufacture of his own machines. His success was rapid. In 1848 he sold seven hundred reapers, next year the sales were doubled, while at present the product of a single year is over 40,000. In every contest in which the McCormick reaper has been entered it has beaten all competitors, and gained for its inventor countless marks of honor. He obtained gold medals at the London exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, at the Paris exhibitions of 1855 and 1867 (with the cross of the Legion of Honor), at the Vienna exhibition of 1873, and the highest prize at the Philadelphia exhibition of 1876, besides countless medals at our own agricultural fairs. His harvesting machine, which binds as well as cuts, gained the grand prize at Paris in 1878, and Mr. McCormick was made an officer of the Legion of Honor and a member of the French Academy of Sciences. In brief, wherever the McCormick inventions have been shown they have been triumphant.

Mr. McCormick made a noble use of his money, and was liberal to all educational institutions. He founded the Theological Seminary of the West, endowed a professorship at Washington and Lee College, Virginia, and was a generous benefactor to the University of Virginia. He contributed large sums to the Presbyterian Church, of which he was through life a member.

The success of Mr. McCormick furnishes an additional argument to those who, like Fairbairn and Nasmyth, deny the utility of patents. His patents expired soon after he began to manufacture, and a renewal of them was refused on the ground of public policy. His success, therefore, is due to the fact that he turned out the best machines in the world. Without them our Western farm lands would have been comparatively profitless, and by their influence farming on a large scale has, both here and in Europe, gradually succeeded the system of small farms.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

TONIC FOR OVERWORKED MEN.

Dr. J. C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of overworked men, with satisfactory results."—[*Adv.*]

DANDRUFF

Is removed by the use of Cocoaine, and it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

T. ASPINWALL & SON.
TILES of All Descriptions;
MOSAICS, MANTELS, GRATES, OPEN FIREPLACES, &c.
Sole Agents for and only direct Importers of
MINTON'S and of the Campbell Tile Co.'s Tiles.
75 and 77 West 23d Street, N. Y.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods, Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER Package, 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling, and wholesome beverage. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25c. C. E. Hires, 48 N. Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

PASTRY WITHOUT BUTTER.

The American pie has been subjected to more unjust abuse from foreign writers than any other of our distinctive products, if we except the recent tirade against the American hog. And yet we cannot say that it has been altogether undeserved, because of the villainous compound, thick, hard, and heavy, that is too often made to do duty as a "crust," and which by courtesy is called "pastry." Light, tender, flaky, and digestible pie-crust, and all kinds of pastry, can be made most readily by the use of Royal Baking Powder without any butter, or with half the usual portion, if preferred, or with a small quantity of lard or other shortening, as desired. Pie-crust thus made is much more wholesome and digestible, besides being more economical and easier prepared. In addition to saving all the butter, if desired, one third the flour is also dispensed with, as the crust is rolled that much thinner, the leavening qualities of the Royal Baking Powder swelling it to the requisite thickness. If drippings or lard be used, the Royal Baking Powder removes any unpleasant taste, rendering the crust as short, sweet, and pleasant as if made from the finest butter. Those who know the appetizing qualities of the genuine home-made American pie will rejoice that, by the aid of Royal Baking Powder in the pastry, it can be made quite as digestible as it is delicious.

HAIR

Possesses a vitality of its own that often outlives the rest of the physical organism. More frequently, however, either through disease, inherent weakness, or age, it falls off, turns gray, or fades early.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Cures the diseases of the scalp and hair; strengthens hair that is naturally weak; nourishes and invigorates torpid hair roots, causing a new, vigorous, and luxuriant growth of hair on bald heads; and restores pristine freshness, color, and lustre to faded and gray hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is also a

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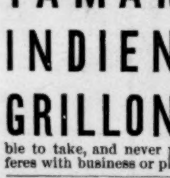

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Colonel Higginson's American History Series will be concluded in the July Number. It will be followed, in the August Number, by a series of papers by the Rev. Treadwell Walden, entitled "The Great Hall of William Rufus," giving a panoramic view of English history as associated with Westminster Hall, with fine portraits and other illustrations.

In the same Number Mr. George H. Boughton will begin a new series of "Artist Strolls in Holland," with illustrations from his own drawings, and from those of Mr. E. A. Abbey and Mr. J. E. Rogers.

The series of Engravings from Great Pictures—including old and modern masterpieces—by Mr. W. B. Closson, will be continued from time to time.

Among the especially seasonable articles to appear in early numbers will be, "Summer Resorts on the St. Lawrence," by Annie Howells Fréchette, illustrated by Henry Sandham; "Trouville" and "Norman Fisher Folk," by Mary Guy Humphreys, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; and other illustrated papers, including "Salt Lake City," by Ernest Ingersoll, "A Run Ashore at Queenstown," by William H. Rideing, "The Gateway of Boston," by William H. Rideing, "A Day with Sir Joseph Hooker at Kew," etc.

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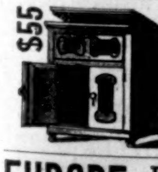

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